

★ Aug. 14, 1943

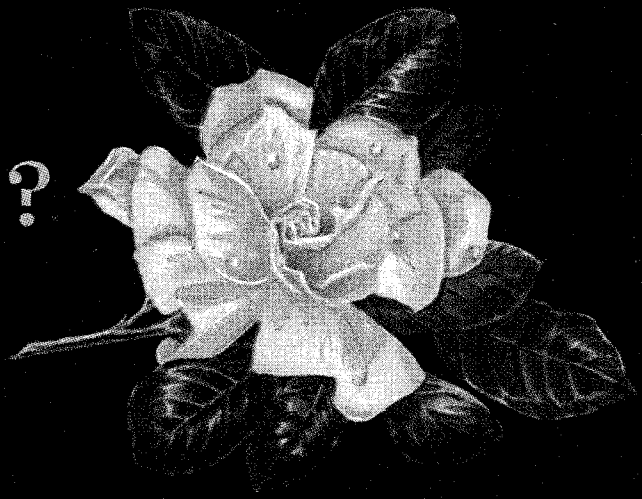
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NEW YORKER



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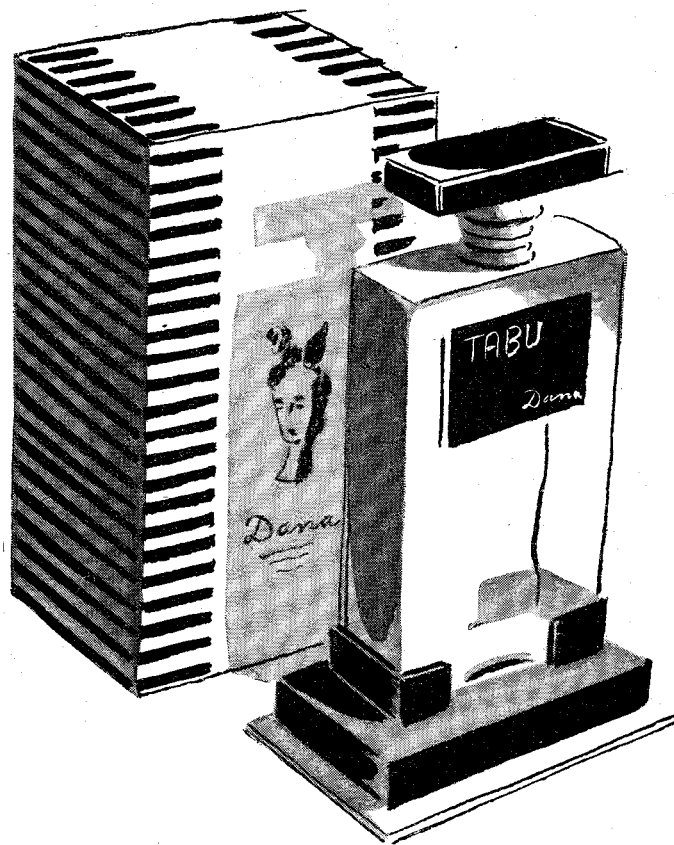
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

JANIE—Linda Watkins in a piece about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

KISS AND TELL—A frail comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Miriam Hopkins, who will be replaced by Gladys George on Mon., Aug. 16, and Conrad Nagel are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THREE'S A FAMILY—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—A sober though somewhat elementary attempt to deal with the problem of how the children of Nazi Germany are to be reeducated. Skippy Homeier is excellent in his rôle of the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

EARLY TO BED—Richard Kollmar in a musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—Max Reinhardt's colorful version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

SONS O' FUN—An Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, strictly for those who admired "Hell-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse is still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

STAR GARTER—A musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE STUDENT PRINCE—A revival of an operetta which has been curiously popular since the twenties. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, Frank Hornaday, and Barbara Scully. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:35.)

THE VAGABOND KING—Another old-timer turns up, this one with John Brownlee and Rudolf Friml's music. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large

cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

RUN LITTLE CHILLUN—A new version of the Hall Johnson play, with an all-Negro cast and the Hall Johnson Choir. Directed by Clarence Muse and produced by Meyer Davis, Lew Cooper, and George Jessel. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

CHAUVE-SOURIS 1943—A modern edition of the Balieff Russian revue, produced by Leon Greanin. Opens Thurs., Aug. 12. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MURDER WITHOUT CRIME—A four-character melodrama, with Viola Keats and Michael Dync. Staged by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Mr. Windust, J. H. Del Bondio, and Tom Weatherly. Opens Mon., Aug. 16. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE ARMY PLAY-BY-PLAY—A return engagement of five one-act plays written, acted, and directed by soldiers. Presented by the Second Service Command and John Golden as a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPANGLES—A one-ring circus that is certainly less bewildering than the big ones and probably just as much fun. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily, except Mon., at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M. Closes Tues., Aug. 17.)

STARS ON ICE—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Extra Mat. Thurs., Aug. 19, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—There's Jimmy Savo, as well as Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist and a show that includes the Ink Spots, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

MONTÉ CARLO BEACH, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rogers' rumba band play in this decorative room. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Fred and Elaine Barry and a mind reader are here, and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—You'll find Larry Siry's orchestra in the Persian Room.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Gay and summery, with Larry Keyes' orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Sonny Kendis' orchestra will be replaced by Roy George's on Tues., Aug. 17. Tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and, at the supper hour, songs by Morton Downey. Mischa Borr's orchestra also helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zar-

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History relates that when Faraday demonstrated electricity to Gladstone, the great statesman remarked, "But what earthly good is that?" . . . When Bell's invention of the telephone was reported to U. S. Grant, the general observed, "But what could it ever be good for?"

GLADSTONE and Grant once went into business together. Combining the happy qualities of diplomacy and aggression, they soon did a right brisk business in such staples as ear trumpets, harness and sundries.

They had two bright young fellows working for them named Mike Faraday and Alex Bell, and if ever a company should have gone to town, it was G. G. & Co. For it seems that Mike had been tinkering with harness for a new kind of horsepower, while Alex had invented a new kind of hearing aid . . . but they couldn't interest the management in the future of these things.

So Mike and Alex left and went into business for themselves, and they've been doing nicely ever since. While Gladstone, Grant & Co. stayed in harness and tin hearing aids, and folded like a tent in a heavy wind.

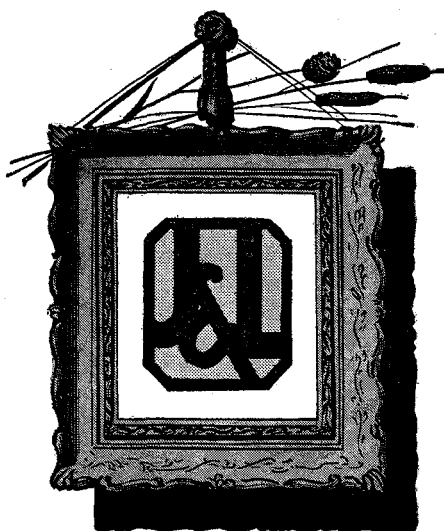
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There's a point to this little fable: Today there are many promising businesses — in the hands of capable management — that are also going to fold like tents when the post-war trade winds blow.

The success of many businesses after this war will depend upon the planning that is being done now. On any problems involving the use of precision machine tools, we urge you to call upon our engineers — as many of America's leading companies have been doing for more than a century. Call upon them now!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the Leonard Ware Trio and several others keep things going here. ... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): the only roof where Spivy can be found playing the piano and singing her repertory of rough-and-ready songs. ... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm heads a small show, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at. ... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano music while the customers relax. ... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): soft lights, sweet music, and an out-of-the-world atmosphere.

MISCELLANEOUS—The **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman. ... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. ... **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Mickey Monte's orchestra and a small show. Closes for a few weeks on Sat., Aug. 14. ... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximilian Bèrgère's orchestra and some entertainment. ... **RIOBAMA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a big, noisy show, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. ... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. ... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Ina Ray Hutton's orchestra. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. ... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. ... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. ... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs. ... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1095): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's other entertainment, too. ... **COCOA BUT GROVE**, 7 Ave. at 55 (CI 7-8000): Cab Calloway and his band head the show here. ... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price heads the doings, surrounded by Left Bank atmosphere. ... **FOLIES BÈRGÈRE**, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): Eddie South's orchestra and girls galore. ... **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): all-Negro entertainment with some big and some fair-sized names, including Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, and Maurice Rocco; Don Redman's orchestra. ... **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and some entertainers. ... **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with Antonio and Rosario and a rumba band.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Mary Lou Williams, Frankie Newton's orchestra, and dances by Pearl Primus. ... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. ... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holiday and a trio. ... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
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THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio.

AL-Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evenings. ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. ... **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

DRAWINGS—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul César Helleu: Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

EAST AND WEST—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 3.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN—At the **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: a group show of oils, mostly by European artists, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 27. ... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. ... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Tues. through Thurs., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 23.

FRENCH—Eighteen paintings, never before shown, by such artists as Arbit Blatas, Raoul Dufy, and Maurice Vlaminck: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 27.

GROUPS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave. at 57: new and old paintings by Guy Pène du Bois, Louis Bouché, Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles, and a number of other modern American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 3. ... **MORTIMER BRANT**, 50 E. 57: works by Francis Chapin, Vaclav Vytalick, Cameron Booth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. ... **FERRAGIL**, 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Ten newly-acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others; also, Picasso's Guernica mural. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 12-14, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sun., Aug. 15 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., Aug. 16-17, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Wed.

and Fri., Aug. 18 and 20 (doubleheaders), at 1:30 P.M., and Thurs. and Sat., Aug. 19 and 21, at 2:30 P.M. ... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., Aug. 12, at 5 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Aug. 13-14, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Sun., Aug. 15 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., Mon., Aug. 16, at 5 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Wed., Aug. 18 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Thurs., Aug. 19, at 5 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Aug. 20-21, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Bobby Ruffin vs. Sal Bartolo, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 20. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

GOLF—L.I.G.A. Mixed Foursome (a Red Cross benefit), Wheatley Hills G.C., East Williston, Thurs., Aug. 12. ... New Jersey Amateur, Arcola C.C., Arcola, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 14-15.

RACING—Saratoga Meeting at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Aug. 28. (The Spinaway and the Travers, a benefit for war charities, Aug. 14; the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 21.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station daily between 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, daily through Sun., Aug. 15. ... Invitation tournament for men and women, (a benefit for men in the armed forces), Meadow Club, Southampton, starting Tues., Aug. 17.

TROTTING—At Empire City, weekdays through Sept. 6. Races start at 2:15 P.M. through Sat., Aug. 14; starting time from Mon., Aug. 16, to be announced. (Trains leave Grand Central daily at 12:32 and 1:35 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship race on the Sound: Huguénot Y.C., Sun., Aug. 15, at about 1 P.M.

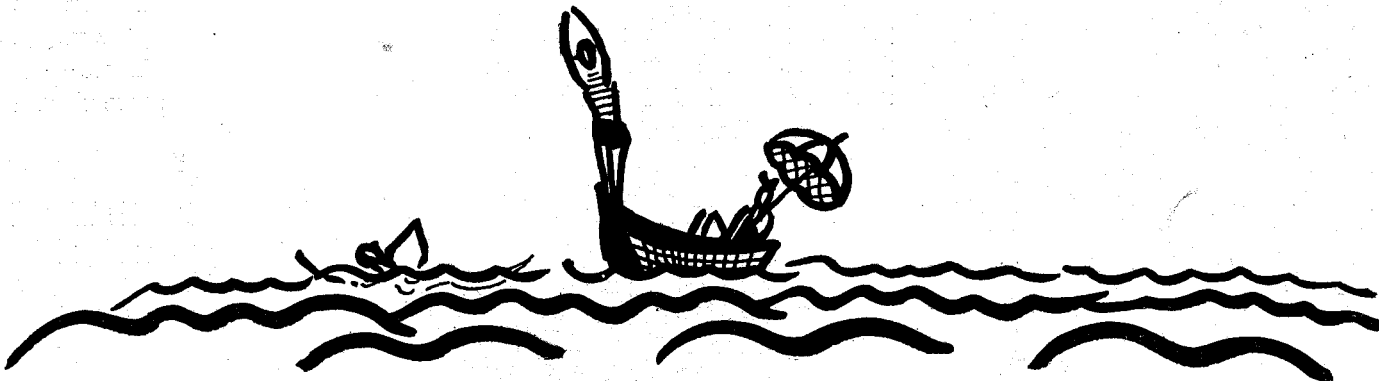
OTHER EVENTS

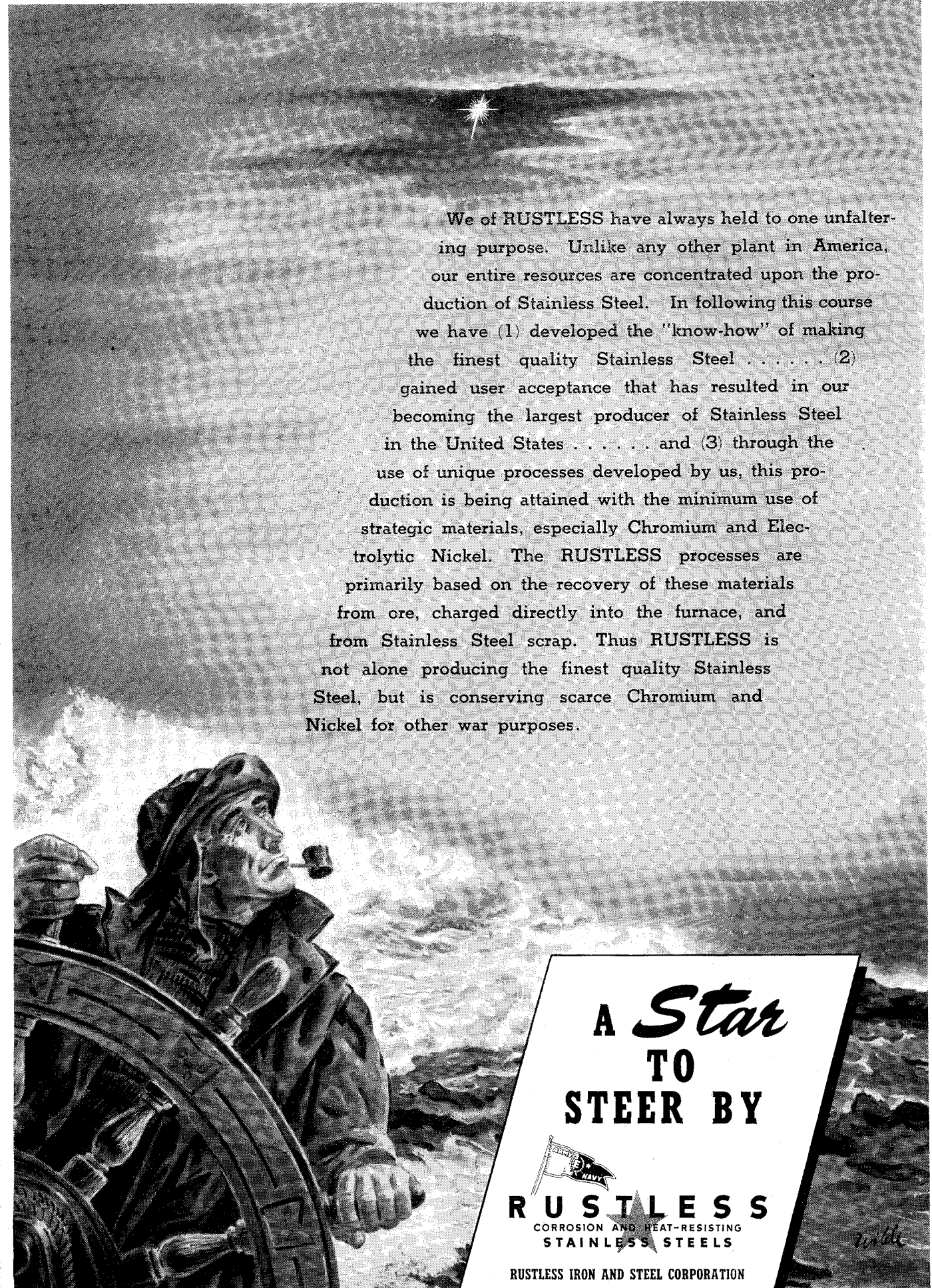
WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31. ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 31. ... **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with fliers' equipment, machine guns, and scale models of wind-tunnels and engines (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of photomurals of wartime life in both countries, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans (through Sept. 15). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. ... **FREEDOM HOUSE**, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31.

FLOWER SHOW—Sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York as a U.S.O. benefit: 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., Aug. 12, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

ON THE AIR—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ. ... Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting; soloist, Nathan Milstein, Sun., Aug. 15, at 3 P.M., WABC. ... N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Aug. 15, at 5 P.M., WEAF. ... Racing: the Travers, Sat., Aug. 14; Saratoga Handicap, Sat., Aug. 21, at 4:15 P.M., WOR, WEAF, and WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London),





We of RUSTLESS have always held to one unfaltering purpose. Unlike any other plant in America, our entire resources are concentrated upon the production of Stainless Steel. In following this course we have (1) developed the "know-how" of making the finest quality Stainless Steel (2) gained user acceptance that has resulted in our becoming the largest producer of Stainless Steel in the United States and (3) through the use of unique processes developed by us, this production is being attained with the minimum use of strategic materials, especially Chromium and Electrolytic Nickel. The RUSTLESS processes are primarily based on the recovery of these materials from ore, charged directly into the furnace, and from Stainless Steel scrap. Thus RUSTLESS is not alone producing the finest quality Stainless Steel, but is conserving scarce Chromium and Nickel for other war purposes.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri., at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 10:30 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. ... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—A handsome tribute to the Merchant Marine, with Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Aug. 13. ... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Aug. 16.)

BATAAN—The grimly realistic story of a handful of Americans on a suicide mission. The cast includes Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, and Lloyd Nolan. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 14.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Joan Fontaine is the nymph and Charles Boyer is her composer friend in this respectable new version of Margaret Kennedy's familiar novel. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

DESERT VICTORY—The great British documentary about Montgomery and Rommel. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Aug. 14.)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—This isn't what actually happened to the Afrika Korps, but it's fun to think about. Erich von Stroheim is a natural as Rommel, and there's also Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 14-16.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A screen adaptation that you may have heard about, notable for its suspense, acting, and exceptional Technicolor, if not for its political convictions. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff are in the cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

HERS TO HOLD—Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten involved in a wartime romance which should appeal to those with a sentimental tooth. (Criterion, B'way at 44; tentative, through Tues., Aug. 17.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—A screen play by Saroyan, based on the usual rosy Saroyan point of view, but also pleasantly fresh. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and a small boy named Jenkins. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Thurs., Aug. 13-19. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 15-17. ... Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 18-19.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—An improvement by Nunnally Johnson over the play by John Steinbeck. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 14-17.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER—The bright side of housing difficulties in Washington, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sun., Aug. 15. ... 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Aug. 18. ... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 14-17. ... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 17-19. ... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Aug. 17.)

REPORT FROM THE ALEUTIANS—An Army documentary which answers clearly and movingly a lot of questions about what goes on in a little-known theatre of war. (Rialto, B'way at 42; Thurs., Aug. 12.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—A colorful, forty-five-minute Disney, featuring Donald Duck and others in South America. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Aug. 14.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Last year's Army show has been moved to the screen with extensive alterations and additions, but no harm done. There's a supplementary civilian cast which includes George Murphy, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THIS LAND IS MINE—About the soundtrack of the What's Going On in the Occupied Countries group, with

Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, George Sanders, and Kent Smith. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 13-14. ... Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 13-15.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney's lively animation of Seversky's theories on long-range bombing. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

REVIVALS

BAMBI (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 14-17.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 12.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 18-21.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others, in case you've forgotten. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Aug. 13.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 13. ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 17-19.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 14-16.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the man with all the wives. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

REAP THE WILD WIND (1942)—A Cecil B. De Mille treatise, in Technicolor, about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Aug. 13.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scottish village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 13.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Aug. 12.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 14-16.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in a Hitchcock thriller. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 17-19.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 13-16.)

UNION PACIFIC (1939)—A huge, panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 17-18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THROUGH SAT., AUG. 14: a full-length picture composed of extracts from European and American newsreels and factual films made between 1888 and 1937. SUN. THROUGH SAT., AUG. 15-21: four German propaganda films (1934-40).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Although thousands of volunteer workers have already signed up with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, there is still an urgent need for many more men and women to fill emergency jobs. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also assist people in signing up with the Red Cross. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in





The Black Market turns up a FARM JOURNAL

Since we couldn't accept your subscription, Mr. Newfarmer, we can't really blame you for bribing the Gilman boy to bring over his family's copy. Now you'll understand why 2,700,000 intelligent farmers have subscribed to the FARM JOURNAL—and the number would be far greater if the paper limitation didn't keep us from printing more.

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Speaking of black markets, the FARM JOURNAL was the first national magazine to print authoritative articles on the subject as it applies to food, and to suggest practical remedies. This is the sort of vital editorial material which has won outstanding leadership for the FARM JOURNAL, both in circulation and influence. Its pages are packed with the reading that rural people want.



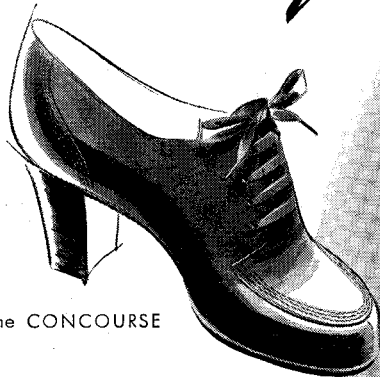
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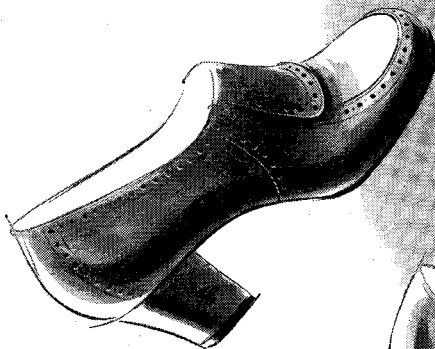
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RIGHT from the start you'll like **randoms by Stetson**. Everything about them breathes quality. And the way they fit and wear will bear out this promise. Looked at as an investment or from the viewpoint of style... here are shoes you can wear comfortably from dawn to dusk and smartly from season to season. At these stores →

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More by the pair... less by the year

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women over eighteen to put in at least eight hours a week doing highly necessary but unskilled work in hospitals.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in war agencies.

SALVAGE—There is an urgent need for wastepaper, which is used in the making of containers for bombs, blasting powder, and shells. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for a hundred pounds or more (roughly, a stack five feet high) and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of a collection depot near your home... The government requests that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can, keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound, and then take it to your neighborhood butcher, who has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre... Tin cans should be turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. To facilitate handling, flatten the cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for manufacturing gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection bins in their hosiery sections.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar f2.8 lens. Also needed are fully equipped Ciné Kodak Special moving picture cameras with one-inch, f1.9 lenses. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 198)... The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to cooperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment... The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications... Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call MU 3-1447... The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be made into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789)... The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen, such as radios, phonographs, records, and table tennis and pool tables. Because of laundry conditions near service camps, the A.W.V.S. is also collecting and distributing washing machines, electric irons, and ironing boards... The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are in great demand) to be sent to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.



"Louise," by Charpentier, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard Lamotte. The scene: a terrace overlooking Paris. The aria: "Depuis le jour." . . . There are excellent recordings of this aria, sung by Jepson (Victor No. 14153), Moore (Victor No. 17189), and Maynor (Victor No. 17698), and of the opera, conducted by Bigot (Columbia Set Op. 12). Portfolios of reproductions of the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal charge from your Capehart dealer, or from the Capehart Division.

Fragment of a Dream

The Capehart-Panamuse (Sheraton) with superlative radio including FM reception, built by Capehart craftsmen in the Capehart tone tradition.



When the present is heavy with conflict and anxiety, man oftentimes seeks refuge in memories. There, in the inner sanctuary of the mind, youth's glorious vision of triumph flames undimmed . . . lighting the spirit with inspiration, with firm new resolve.

Memories . . . fragments of youth's eternal dream . . . thus serve man in his hour of need. And so, too, does great music. For the opera, the symphony and quartet are more than sublime sound. They are serene realms wherein the spirit forges new strength to meet the challenge of the hour.

The rewards of these tonal dominions belong particularly to the Capehart owner, for the

Capehart Phonograph-Radio is a supreme interpreter of the world's fine music.

This superb instrument is not now being built, for the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, maker of the Capehart, is today producing war matériel solely. Only the few models remaining in some dealers' showrooms are available.

The Capehart dealer, however, offers other musical services: assistance in the choice of a piano or an organ . . . or of band instruments, sheet music and recordings. The Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

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THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.
All our distilleries are concentrating 100% on the production of war alcohol



“Me Change the Baby?”

IF the baby's mother can learn to rivet steel pants on a bomber, then old Uncle Gamaliel can change his bachelor ways and learn to pin square pants on the baby... or even read the comics to four-year-old Junior.

Change, you see, is the order of the day.

And if you, like Uncle Gamaliel, have thought that “the comics” were undignified—no place to present a sales-winning story about advertised products—just make a poll of our millions of fighting men. Most of these men come from homes where the entire family finds in “the comics” their Gilbert and Sullivan—their Joseph Conrad—their Stephen Leacock.

The characters in Puck-The Comic Weekly are their friends, their intimates, their entertainers. These men and their home folks find the life of “Blondie” a hilarious mirror. “Tillie the Toiler”, with an eye for smartness in dress, has set many a style. “Believe-it-or-not” Ripley presents strange instructive facts about the world we live in. Skippy is as dignified as Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn—Puck is vivid, colorful, exciting.

Puck-The Comic Weekly is primarily an entertainment medium designed to do a MAJOR advertising job. For example:

1.. Over 80% of all adults read the Comics. Three national weeklies deliver 293 adult readers per dollar invested in half-

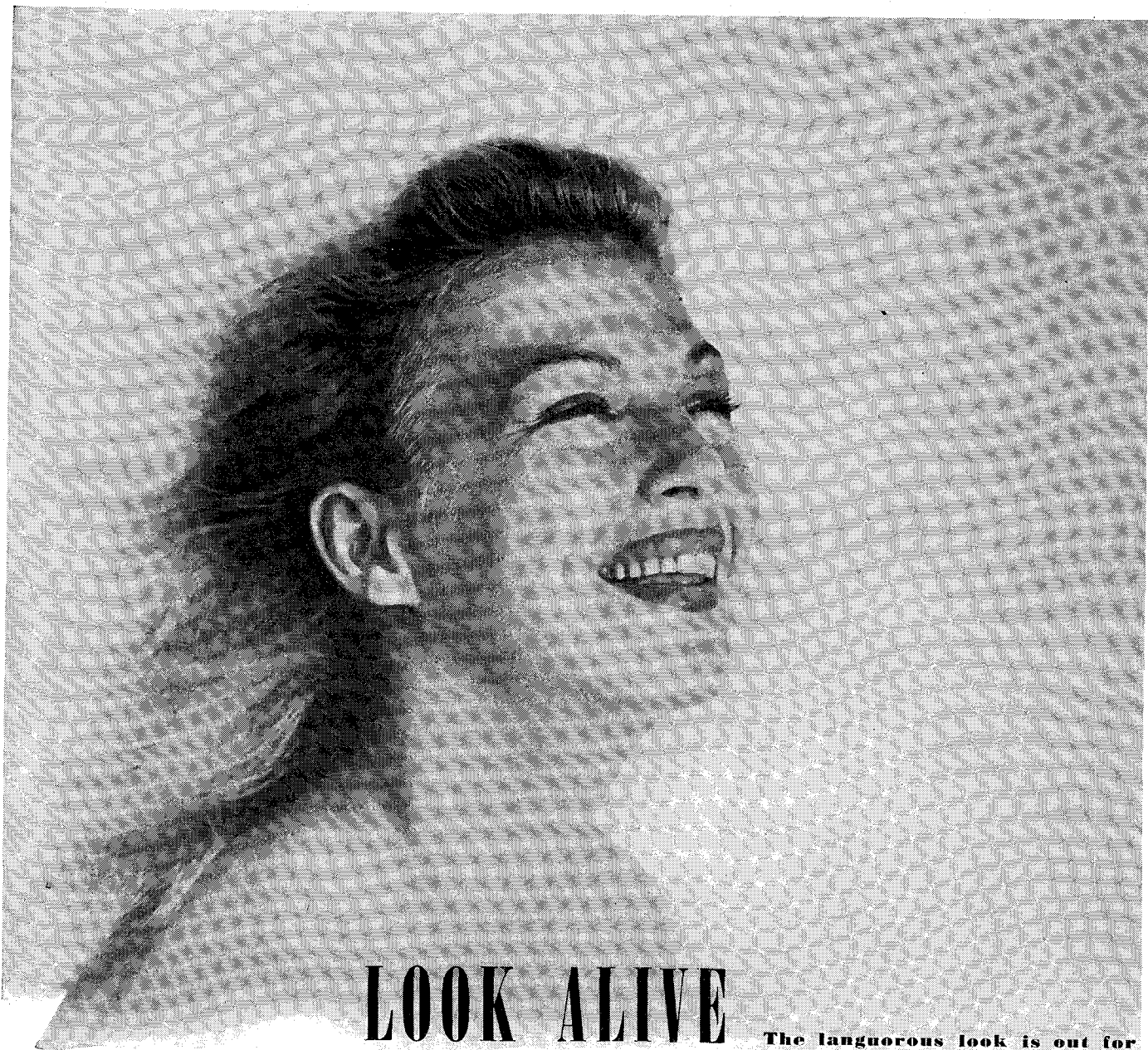
page or larger space, but Puck-The Comic Weekly delivers 717 adult readers per dollar invested in an average advertisement.

2.. Visibility and readership are tops because Puck accepts only a limited number of advertisements per issue. Space in Puck is a valuable *franchise*.

3.. A leading national advertiser whose market is masculine, ran two test advertisements in Puck and in the four leading weekly magazines. Puck pulled more coupons than these four weekly magazines combined! In the last three years this advertiser has run at least one color advertisement every month in Puck.

Distributed to more than 6,250,000 families through 15 great Sunday newspapers from coast to coast, Puck-The Comic Weekly is read by over 20,000,000 people—men, women and children—and blankets the great industrial areas, the most prosperous markets in the U.S.A.

To gain a real understanding of Puck's essential power and dignity, top executives—president, sales manager, and advertising manager, together with key men in the advertising agency—should see and carefully consider Puck's analysis of “Your Customers of Tomorrow.” Puck-The Comic Weekly, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York—Hearst Building, Chicago.



LOOK ALIVE

The languorous look is out for the duration. There's work to be done. And you're doing it—more than you ever thought you could. When you look alive you *feel* alive. When you feel alive you *act* alive. So look alive

WITH *Germaine Monteil's* **CLEANSING CREAM AND SKIN FRESHENER**

to liberate your skin from its mask of grime.

Germaine Monteil's **NIGHT AND ROSE SKIN CREAM**

to soothe and lubricate your skin while you sleep.

Germaine Monteil's **BEAUTY BALM**

to protect your skin, to give it living translucency.

Germaine Monteil's **POWDER**

a sheer veil of loveliness as invisible as wind.

Germaine Monteil's **LIPSTICK**

to animate your own skin tone with vital color.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MIDSUMMER NOTE: A lady was stung by a bumblebee the other day while trying on a frock on the fifth floor of Saks-Fifth Avenue.

ON behalf of all dancers and ex-dancers, we rise to the defense of John Bovingdon, who was fired from the Office of Economic Warfare purely on account of what the *Times*, with a gentlemanly snigger, calls "his terpsichorean background." This method of knocking off government workers is as formalized as a Chinese execution: the poor devil is flushed by the Dies Committee or an alert congressman, the newspapers hammer away at some irrelevant episode from his past, and after a week or so the victim resigns, or is thrown out, "for the good of the organization." If there is any discussion of the merits of the case, it doesn't get into the newspapers. We don't doubt that these sacrifices are tossed to Mr. Dies in the hope of placating him, but it should be evident by now that Mr. Dies can no more be appeased than Hitler could in his prime. Anyway, we're here to say that the Bovingdon case, like dozens that occurred before it, stinks on, for instance, ice. Let's have a few facts. Was Bovingdon a good dancer or a bad dancer? Even if he was a bad dancer, how would this interfere with his being a good economist? All other things being equal, isn't an economist who can dance a more complete man than an economist who can't dance? If a man chooses to dance for his health (which seems to have been Bovingdon's primary reason), does that make him a worse economist than if he chose instead to play golf or tennis? Let's stop this nonsense, or else write into the Civil Service regulations a reg'lar-feller clause denying

employment to any man who can't prove that he smokes six cigars a day, goes to the ball game twice a week, drinks three Manhattans before dinner every night, and never goes to the theatre unless it's a good, lively musical show.

THE fuss about Mr. Bovingdon raises a fundamental question which must be answered once and for all: Do we want agile and well-muscled persons in government jobs? Mr. Dies says no, positively not—no dancers, prancers, or people who spring suddenly into the air. Taxpayers, thinks Mr. Dies, have a right to expect that their economists, analysts, and other servants shall be of a sedentary and sluggish disposition, no tone to their



muscles, no rhythm to their movements. We find this view insufferable. Over the years there has been far too little of the spirit of the Dance in our bureaus, far too little leaping and twisting. Tensions have gone unrelieved. Washington has run to exercises of the mind exclusively, as though the body were just an old bag of straw. Martin Dies, you would be the better for it if you would occasionally place one hand behind your ear and spring lightly into the air, touching one flexed toe to the opposing knee. It couldn't do you any harm, in the event that you made a safe landing, and it *might* do you much good.

TO illuminate our point about the Dance we shall cite the recent case of the American flier who was forced down on a Pacific island, where he was immediately surrounded by inquiring

natives. He could see by their faces that something was expected of him but he wasn't sure what. Taking a long gamble and a deep breath, he went into a tumbling routine which he had picked up in the wild, half-forgotten gymnasias of New Jersey. He followed



with dances, calisthenics, and detailed instructions in organized games. He was a sensation. The natives turned out to be devotees of fun-with-the-body and they found in this aviator a kindred spirit and resourceful leader. We shudder to think of Representative Dies in a situation of that sort, trying to work his way out by means of the cold and graceless rituals of the mind.

WE have a letter here from a Mr. John Freiburg, calling our attention to the fact that Leon Henderson will begin a series of broadcasts over the Blue Network on August 14th. His program is to be sponsored by the O'Sullivan Rubber Company. Mr. Freiburg points out that the company's slogan is "America's No. 1 Heel" and goes on to say, "I would certainly enjoy reading, in *The New Yorker*, your own dissertation on this fate that has overtaken Leon Henderson. I am certain that, though he may have escaped so far, the next few months will plant him indelibly in the public mind for now and perhaps for posterity as 'America's No. 1 Heel.' Should you decide to use this material, you are of course free to do so." Mr. John Freiburg is president of Advertising and Sales Council, Inc., Winchester, Virginia, the agency for—well, who do you think?—why, the O'Sullivan Com-

pany! Now what the hell do you make out of a thing like that?

The Brewer's Big Horses

THE Schaefer Breweries have, with our full approval, gone back to horse-and-wagon deliveries. We spent part of a pleasant morning last week in a five-story stable at 248 West Eighteenth Street chatting with Charles Barrie, a blithe old Scotchman who feels, as we do, that delivery by wagon gives a glass of suds that final soupçon of je-ne-sais-quoi. He's Schaefer's stable man, a job for which he spent a leisurely lifetime qualifying himself—"selling horses, judging and promoting horse shows, and not working too hard." We gathered, however, that he had worked fairly hard getting Schaefer's demechanized. Starting from scratch seven weeks ago, when the last-straw ration decrease came through from the Office of Defense Transportation, Barrie picked up seventy-five teams of Percherons, a stable, wagons, and harness. The Percherons aren't pure-bred, but just the same they're reliable workhorses, all from Iowa farms. Barrie wouldn't give any hint about how much the horses cost, except that it was plenty. Perhaps a little ignorantly, we asked if they were adjusting well to the new job. "If you went from the country to the city and had to work, wouldn't you?" Barrie asked. He added that farm horses, however, aren't as likely to be traffic-shy as they used to be, since they're now brought up around trucks, tractors, reapers, and the like.

Harness and wagons were harder to get than the horses, Barrie told us. They had to be picked up second-hand and reconditioned. Harness-makers and wheelwrights are as scarce as any other sort of artisan, the necessary leather and hardware are priority items, and what with this and that, not all the seventy-five teams are yet making deliveries. Another difficulty Mr. Barrie had to face was rounding up forty grooms, which is none too many for a five-story stable. It's just a matter of time before things will be running smoothly, though. The stable is already beautifully departmentalized, with chestnuts, bays, and grays lined up in separate aisles of stalls, so it's easy to make up matched teams. The horses live on the second and third floors, reaching them by ramps; on the other floors the wagons are parked and harness is stored. The wagons are taken to the upper floors by elevator. The stable, known to a great many people as "the old Bank

Street Stable," has been in existence for at least forty years. Barrie has a dim idea Altman's once used it.

A few doors down from the stable, the Schaefer horses are shod by a sturdy fellow named Hugh O'Connor, who begged us not to refer to him in print as a blacksmith. "I'm a horse-shoer, have been for twenty-nine years," he told us. "A horse-shoer can do anything a blacksmith can do, but a blacksmith can't shoe a horse." O'Connor works in a shed that opens on the street and he usually has an audience of thirty or so idle people. He likes this. "Nice folks around here," he says. "I've been getting acquainted with some of them. They'll stand and watch me for a good part of the day." There is still some leisure in the metropolis.

Coöperation

A TRAVELLER reports that in a hotel room in Indianapolis he saw the following notice, printed in red, white, and blue:

Your Attention, Please

A second pillow is provided for your use in the lower dresser drawer

The Management

Coöperating with the War Effort

Party of Yachtsmen

AN interesting offshoot of the British war effort is the Small Vessels Pool of the Royal Navy Volunteer Service. The personnel of this organization, as you may know, consists largely of elderly yachtsmen enrolled for the task of sailing small naval vessels from shipyards and elsewhere to wherever they're wanted by the Admiralty. About fifty of them recently arrived over here to take across the Atlantic an undisclosed number of fleet tenders, and somewhere in New York harbor, where some of the tenders are moored, we had a talk with Boatswain Eric Udale, a yachtsman of twenty-nine years' experience. He is at present the owner of a thirty-foot job called Erin—not that he has any Irish affiliations, he told us, but he bought her from an Irishman and it's supposed to be bad luck to change a boat's name. As Udale had been a lieutenant in the last war, he was cool to signing on as a bosun until he learned that it meant crossing the Atlantic. Then he acted quickly. "It isn't often that a man gets a chance to see the world at my age," he said.

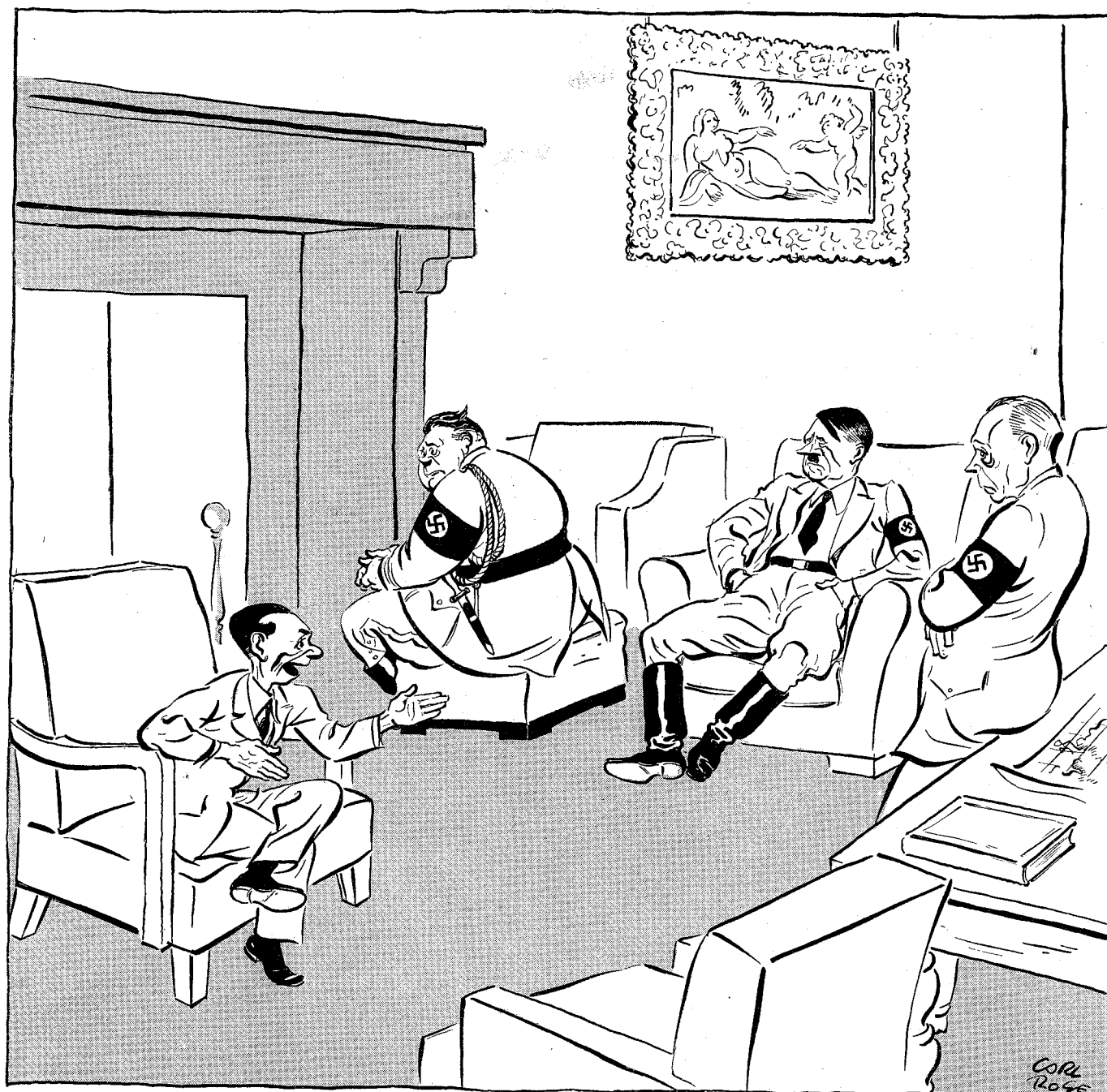
Udale described the tenders' crews as "really just a party of yachtsmen."

Most of them have previously held more exalted positions in the armed services. The skipper, Lieutenant David Erskine, was captain of a destroyer in the last war, the ship's cook was a captain in the Army, and one able-bodied seaman was a major. One of the old-timers in the party is a Captain Irvin, who is seventy-two. Udale regretted that he had gone to "the mainland" and that he couldn't introduce us to him, since, he said, he felt inadequate himself, being only fifty-one. He said that he and his associates, in addition to being yachtsmen, are all "old crocks." "Old crocks" is an English football term meaning lads who are down with a bad leg or something. "My own tender's crew is probably the only one in the world to sail the seven seas with four seamen who wear monocles," Udale told us. The four have defective vision in one eye and hence are "old crocks."

The crew is further distinguished by having two members who have survived broken necks. Udale is one of these. In 1940, during an air raid, he was on the Thames, patrolling in A. P. Herbert's motor launch, Water Gypsy, and was injured trying to help some people escape from a burning dock. "Took me almost a year to feel well again, what with the headaches and all," he said, disposing forever of the topic of the broken neck. His crew has never been attacked, but in the course of a year in the Pool, it has been on boats that sighted German planes. In addition to handling brand-new ships, the Pool has manned an assortment of vessels, including Danish, Belgian, Dutch, and other drifters picked up or captured by the British Navy.

As a civilian, Udale lived the orderly life of a commuter. (It was on the 5:30 down from London, as a matter of fact, that a fellow-passenger, an Admiralty man, broached the subject of his joining the Pool.) The Udale family now numbers six—himself, Mrs. Udale, three sons, and a daughter. There was a fourth son, an R.A.F. bomber pilot, who was only recently shot down and killed over Beaufort. Udale's house is something fairly special; it was built in 1519 and the garden runs down to the Thames. It is officially classified as a historical monument, which means that Udale can sell it outright but can't tear out any panelling or otherwise diminish its historical interest; not that he would, of course. Mrs. Udale used to think she had to have three servants to run the place, but now she gets along without any. Udale and a partner own a Scottish textile mill which is at present turning





"... and as for those postwar trials, we can always plead insanity."

out nothing but khaki. Until Udale joined the Pool he was sales manager. The other partner now runs the business, with an occasional boost from Udale when he gets a leave. Udale was considerably cheered up the other day when he saw displayed in a Fifth Avenue shop a bolt of his mill's snappiest prewar woollens.

Misled

WASHINGTON is full of all kinds of experts and specialists these days. One of them, a mineralogist, became

acquainted with a bureaucrat we know, and the bureaucrat invited him for Sunday dinner. He gave him careful directions for finding the house, but in spite of that the guest got lost and was half an hour late. "You told me to look for a red granite house," he said. "This is only ferruginous sandstone."

International Stuff

HEREWITH a cursory exploration of a subject the newspapers apparently assume everybody understands—the workings of the International Red

Cross. The International Red Cross Committee, from which sprang the national Red Cross organizations, was formed in Switzerland in 1864 and the Committee has always been composed entirely of Swiss citizens. In a war, the International Red Cross appoints what it calls delegates, a delegate being its chief representative in a belligerent country. A delegate may be a Swiss or any other neutral. As anyone will realize, it is not always easy to send delegates from Geneva after hostilities have broken out; hence the home office frequently shops around for a Swiss



"Which helps Great Britain the most—tweeds or whiskey?"

or another neutral already on the scene. As soon as it was known in Geneva that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor, the International Red Cross got in touch with a Swiss doctor who had been practicing for twenty years in Tokio. This gentleman, Dr. Fritz Paravicini, has more or less specialized in the ailments of ambassadors and consuls, and he undoubtedly knows his way around. Over here, protecting the interests of the Japanese prisoners of war, we have Marc Peter, who had retired just before Pearl Harbor after serving twenty years as the Swiss Minister to this country.

Dr. Paravicini and Mr. Peter have the same duties: to travel around and make inspections of prisoners' camps, seeing whether or not the food, clothing, shelter, medical attention, and allotments of money are up to the standards set by the Geneva Convention of 1929, and formally reporting the matter if they are not. (Japan was represented at Geneva and her representative signed the treaty, but the government didn't ratify it. Then Japan announced

that she would abide by it anyway.) The International Red Cross representatives also act as a clearing house for mail and supplies sent to prisoners and try to keep an up-to-date check list of prisoners and interned civilians. They perform these services for prisoners of any nationality; for example, the Red Cross representatives sent to Germany to watch out for French and English prisoners have taken on American prisoners, too. The delegates are paid out of the International Red Cross's funds, which are collected from the various national Red Cross organizations. The four national organizations with the largest membership and bank balances are those of the United States, Russia, Germany, and Japan.

The Red Cross is highly privileged, of course, in communicating from one belligerent country to another, but getting messages through is frequently complicated. This is especially true of Japan now. The cables between this country and Japan are cut, probably as a result of American action when the Japs took Guam. The problem of

communicating with American prisoners in Europe isn't so bad, since the Red Cross has access to the necessary cable facilities. Supplies, too, can readily be sent, for there are a number of Swiss and other neutral ships operating between this continent and Marseilles, and the Red Cross operates one ship of its own.

While we're on the subject of communications, experts here think that the only practicable means of communication between Germany and Japan today is by short-wave radio, in code. For five months after we entered the war, anybody, including a Japanese, could pick up a phone in Buenos Aires and talk to Berlin, but that is no longer possible. It is believed, however, that the Japs have never stopped sending out merchant ships headed for the Pacific coast of South America. How many of them have got through is a question. One German ship, it is known, recently put out from Japan for Germany via Cape Horn and got clear around South America and off the coast of Africa before it was sunk.

Mystery

IT was neither snowing nor raining, nor had the gloom of night yet set in, when a young lady named Vivian was accosted at the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-eighth Street by a postman, fully uniformed and carrying a bag of mail. "Can you tell me where the post office is?" he asked. Manpower shorter than ever, it seems.

Weston

WE have talked with several people lately who knew Ezra Pound in the days before he expatriated himself and went to Europe to seek a culture that suited him, and we find that they seem to think that it's all right to indict him as a sort of minor-league traitor but that his extreme rattle-headedness is the cause of it all. One of the men who told us about Pound is Mr. Claudius Alonzo Hand, general counsel for the Corporation Trust Company, of 120 Broadway, who roomed with him at Hamilton College. It was plain to see who dominated *that ménage*. Pound was already an inveterate versifier and would wake up Hand in the middle of the night to listen to something he'd just written. He'd shove a glass of beer at Hand, who was the son of a Methodist minister and didn't drink, and declaim sonorously for as much as an hour or so.

When he stopped, Hand would nervously say, "That's wonderful, Ezra, wonderful!" Ezra would invariably look at him and, without a word, tear the manuscript into long strips and throw it into the wastebasket. Then he would take back the beer he had offered Hand, drink it, and go to bed. Occasionally he'd break off in mid-poem to ask, "Just how much of this stuff do you understand, anyway?" "Not a word, Ezra," young Hand would say meekly, and Ezra would cry, "Oh, God!" "It must have been pretty discouraging," Hand told us. "I suppose, in a way, you might say I was responsible for his present condition."

Mr. Conklin Mann, familiar to close readers of this department as the amateur genealogist who discovered that Churchill and Roosevelt are seventh cousins once removed, was another classmate of Pound. "A tall, long-striding, dirty-collared boy, with tawny, leonine hair" is the way Mann describes him. He and Hand agree that Pound was even then a pronounced non-democrat. He didn't belong to a fraternity, for one thing. Not that he wasn't asked to; he was, but he bit one of the brothers during an undignified part of his initiation and left the fraternity house in a huff, never to return. The boys retaliated as best they could, occasionally throwing him into the local pond and once, just before his family arrived on a visit, moving all his furniture and personal effects from his room to the campus, where they left them with the

bed neatly turned down and a pair of pajamas laid out on top. Hand and Mann think this sort of business may have given Pound a poor opinion of American culture. However, he did not at that time become a professed enemy of the state; on the contrary, he was outspokenly ambitious to become an attaché at the American Embassy in London.

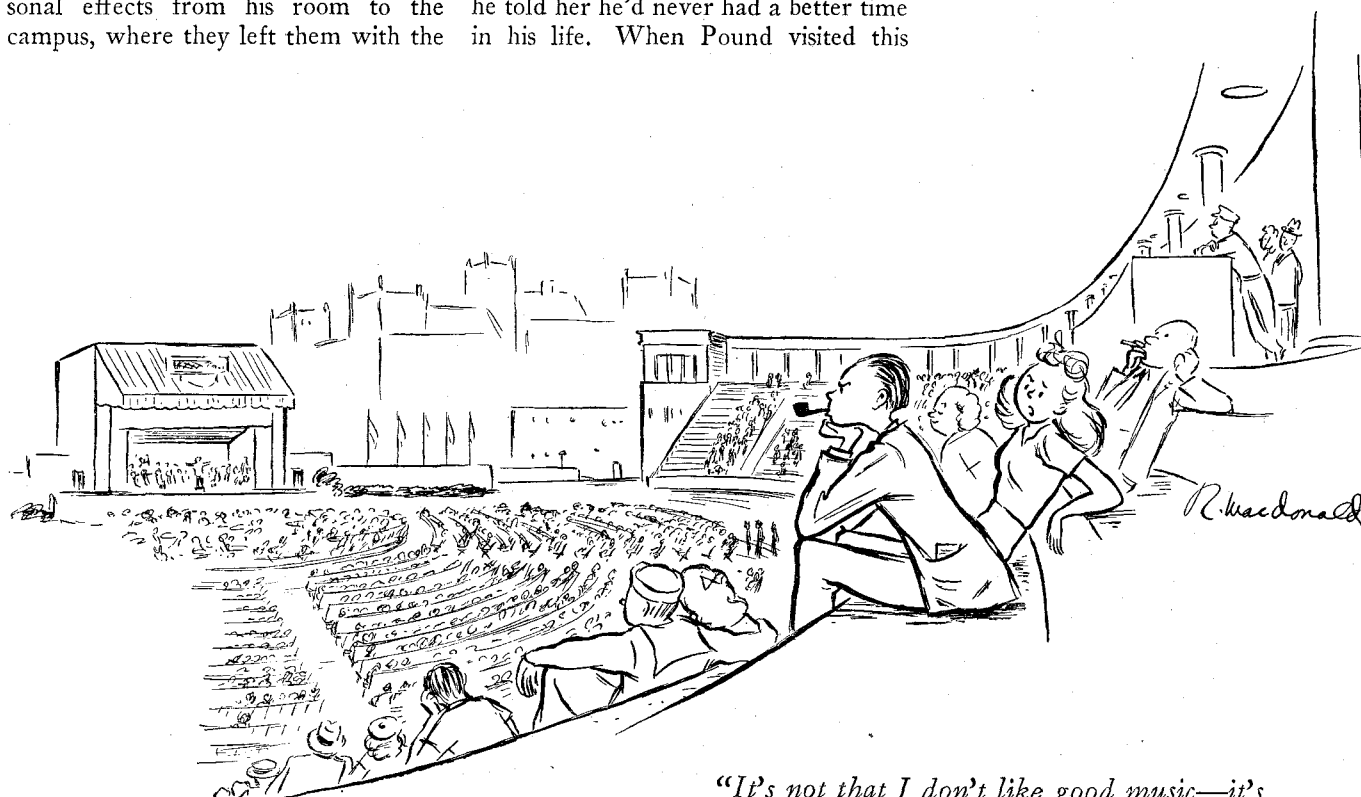
Mina Loy, the poetess, thinks that Pound's state of mind is the result of his being "the kind of man who quarrels with his friends and then goes out and makes friends with strangers," and Allen Tate, the poet, told us of a dirty shot Pound took at him once, when their contemporary Hart Crane committed suicide. Pound wrote to Harriet Monroe, then the editor of *Poetry*, "Dear old Harriet: So sorry to hear that Tate is dead at last." Tate believes Pound should have been indicted for imbecility, not treason. Whenever Pound wrote to any of his American friends from abroad, he fell into a perverted jargon evidently intended to kid his native language; e.g., "Dese weddah is lousy." At one period he wore on the underside of his coat lapel a celluloid button with a single dirty word printed on it, and whenever a conversation took a turn he didn't like, he'd simply flip the lapel over. Once, in Paris, he took a lady out to dinner and talked to her all evening in classic Greek, which she couldn't understand. At the end of the evening, he told her he'd never had a better time in his life. When Pound visited this

country several years ago and was invited up to Harvard to read his poems, he was full of enthusiasm for a sort of super-Townsend Plan which had been tried out briefly in Alberta, a plan whereby everybody got some spending money every month. "Of course, believing in Major Douglas's theory of social credit, you must agree with me that Martin Van Buren was the greatest President you ever had," he'd say at a dinner party, and since nobody would have any very clear ideas about Major Douglas, or Martin Van Buren either, he'd dominate the conversation for the rest of the evening.

Shortly after our talk with Conklin Mann, he called us up in high excitement to report a discovery he had just made: that Pound's real name is Ezra Weston Pound but that somewhere along the line he changed the middle name to Loomis and is so listed in *Who's Who*. "I won't commit myself farther," Mann said, "but this explains a great deal. A most interesting development." We'll try to keep you posted.

Gem

THIS is a very rare bit of imported overheard conversation, straight from the producers' dining room at one of the big Hollywood studios: "You got me wrong—I'm in favor of the future of the world."



"It's not that I don't like good music—it's just that we could be enjoying ourselves somewhere."



THE READING PUBLIC

DESCENDANTS OF ELIJAH SNODGRASS, OF DANBURY, CONN.

Elijah Snodgrass-Abigail Lambert

b. England
circa 1750/51
d. Danbury, 23
April, 1833, age
83; miller

daughter of Jeremiah and
Naomi (Moneypenny) Lambert
b. Malden, Mass. 3 Aug. 1760
d. Litchfield, Conn. 1851

Jonathan b. 1784; died young
Hezekiah b. 1785; died young

Henry-Sarah Allworth
b. 1787
d. 1844
served in
War of 1812

Mary-Henry Martin
b. 1791
had
issue

Almira-John Martin
b. 1795
had
issue

Eugene
b. 1801
d. 1861
unmarried

Ebenezer
b. 1804
went West

Jacob (twin)
b. 1804
d. an infant

Martha-Ezekiel Griffin
b. 1811
had
issue

Shadrach
b. 1813
lost at
sea

Hananiah-Thankful Smith
b. 1814
had 12
children

Hector
b. 1819
d. an infant

I DON'T BOTHER ABOUT HER

IT was getting on toward eleven o'clock, but it was still hot, and State Street was almost deserted. Only Kline's Drug Store and the Texas Wiener were open; the big Palace Theatre sign had gone out half an hour ago, and now nearly everyone to be seen on the sidewalks was headed homeward. The men in their shirt sleeves, the women in light summer dresses, were turning up the side streets or walking off down past the business section, moving slowly and quietly as if saving their energies in the heat that surrounded them. Now and then a motor turned over and started and a car pulled out from the curb and drove off toward the country, its tires singing wetly on the sticky pavement.

Eddie Fawcett was standing at the corner of Pearl with a couple of fellows from down the block when he heard the truck coming by. He was standing with his back to the street, balancing on the curb, and he didn't pay much attention at first. Then he heard Arlene Hauser's voice—"Why, there's Eddie! Stop, Clint," she was saying. "There's Eddie"—and he turned around. It was Clint Wright's truck, or his father's, really, and Clint was at the wheel. Mr. Wright owned a hardware store, and in the summertime Clint drove deliveries for him, and occasionally he would sneak the truck out at night for a spin. This looked to be one of the nights.

"Where you heading, you two?" Eddie asked when Clint had pulled up.

"I got a delivery to make."

"At this time of night? Quit your kidding."

"No kidding, Eddie. He has," Arlene put in. She had on a pair of blue slacks, cut wide at the bottom like a sailor's, and a blue-and-white-striped jersey that stretched tight over her breasts, and she pouted her lower lip in a way she had when she looked at him. "Want to come along?" she asked.

Eddie sighted on a telephone pole down the street, wound up, and delivered an imaginary pitch. He had his mind on Clint, though. It was Clint's truck, after all, and it was up to him to do the inviting. "Listen, I got to work tomorrow," he said.

"You work!" said Clint.

Arlene pouted her lip still more. "Come on, Eddie. We need you," she said.

Eddie sighted on the telephone pole again. "Why?" he asked. Just from the way she'd said it he knew it was some-

thing she'd picked up from somebody else.

Just then Clint raced the motor. "Hurry up if you're coming," he said. He was a short, stocky fellow, with very black curly hair and a round, good-natured face. "Before I run out of gas."

Eddie wound up and delivered his pitch. That had sounded like invitation enough. "O.K., then," he said, and climbed into the cab of the truck. Arlene had shoved over a little when he got in, but even so the narrow seat was crowded, and although he tried to sit sidewise he couldn't help feeling the squeeze of her hip and her leg nudging gently against his as the truck joggled over the pavement. And his elbow was cramped against her side; after they had gone a block or two he pulled it free and put his arm along the seat back behind her. Arlene glanced at him. "That's better," she said, and let her head fall back against his arm. A moment later, as the truck lurched, she slid a little closer, so that her head was almost on his shoulder and her knee was pressed hard against his. The way it was done, Eddie couldn't tell if she meant it or if it was accidental, but anyway it made him uncomfortable, and when they came to the traffic light at the crossroads outside town and Clint stopped for the lights to change, Eddie pulled his arm out and leaned forward. It had been cool while they were driving, but when they stopped the heat caught up with them, pouring up from behind like a wave and then settling around them. "Where you going to, anyway, Clint?" Eddie asked.

Clint looked over at him and grinned. "To the Lake, I guess," he said. "Anywheres else you want to go?"

"To the Lake, I say," said Arlene. "Where it's cool." Neither boy paid any attention to her.

"No, I mean have you really got a delivery?" Eddie asked.

"Sure I have. Pa got in some window fixtures and stuff for a man that's remodelling a cottage out on the Lake Road. But they didn't come in from the factory till tonight, and now the guy wants them first thing tomorrow. So I said I'd take them out." Clint saw that the lights had changed to green, so he put the truck in gear and started it rolling. "Maybe we better go there first, huh?" he suggested. "It's on the way."

"Better save it," said Eddie. "Sup-

pose a cop stopped you afterwards, for using up gas."

"Ah, they never stop trucks."

"All the same, better have an errand. Then if they did just happen to stop you, you'd have an excuse for driving."

"And us away out past the cottage we're going to by that time? Away out by the Lake?"

Abruptly, Arlene kicked one foot against the dashboard. "Oh, stop arguing, will you?" she said. She pulled Eddie's arm up around her neck and leaned back against it. "If they stop you they stop you. Let's take a chance."

Clint was taking the turn to the Lake, but he looked around quickly. "Yeah, you can say that," he told her. "It ain't your truck."

"Stop arguing," Arlene repeated. Then she rolled her head sidewise to look at Eddie. They were going through a patch of woods now, and the air underneath the trees had some kind of perfume on it, of wild flowers, maybe, or maybe it was honeysuckle. "Mmmm, nice," she said softly. "Isn't it nice, that smell?"

"Sure it's nice," said Eddie. He leaned forward a little to speak to Clint. "You could tell them you lost your way," he said. "If they stopped you, I mean."

Clint had been driving with his eyes straight ahead, as if Arlene's actions embarrassed him. He gave a quick glance at her as he turned to answer Eddie. "Yeah, I could," he said. "But another thing, I got to get out there soon with this stuff or the guy'll begin calling up Pa, want to know where his fixtures are. Anyway, it's right on the way to the Lake."



ARLENE started to sing. At first, Eddie couldn't make out what the tune was, because she was sort of half humming the words. Then he recognized it. It was "If I could be with you one hour tonight," and he said to her, "Gee, that's an old one."

"Yes, but I still like it," she interrupted herself to say, and then she went on with a few more lines of the chorus, "I want you to know I wouldn't go—until I told you, honey, why I love you so." After that, she just hummed, probably because she didn't know any more of the words, but she kept kind of moving about. First she raised up her legs, one after the other, and pulled up the bottoms of her slacks as far as they would go, so it looked as if she had shorts on. Then she leaned back and

stretched, breathing deeply and holding it so her breasts rose full underneath her jersey. Eddie watched her; he noticed that Clint, from the corner of his eye, was watching her too.

"I wish to cripes you'd sit still," Clint said suddenly, but Arlene only smiled at him. They were coming out of the woods now and there were some houses scattered along the road.

"Drive faster, Clint," Arlene said. "Get some fresh air for us, will you?"

Clint looked at her. "Drive faster?" he said. "We're here." He turned in at the second house, driving up a short, gravelled driveway to stop just beyond the porch steps.

There were lights on inside and what seemed to be several people passing and repassing the windows; when Clint cut the motor they heard a radio. "It looks like a party," said Eddie, but Clint didn't answer. He got out and then, seeing Eddie still sitting there, he said, "There's a couple of packages here. Want to help me?"

"Sure," said Eddie, and climbed out

too. "I was going to anyway," he added when they got to the back of the truck. Clint was opening the door at the rear, but suddenly Eddie seized his arm. "Listen, fella," he said, keeping his voice low, "I'm not butting in on anything, am I, coming along like this? I mean, you and Arlene. Isn't she your girl?"

Clint barely glanced at him. "Her? Cripes, no. I don't bother about her."

"No, I mean it."

"I mean it too."

Clint was hauling the parcels out of the truck. Eddie laughed. "You know, it's funny the way she's acting," he said. "It's almost embarrassing."

"Yeah?" Clint said. Then he raised his voice a little. "Let's get rid of this stuff and get out of here."

The two packages were big but only fairly heavy; the boys were just starting up the steps with them when the house door swung open and a man in brown shorts, a white jersey, and sneakers appeared. "You the fellows from Wright's?" he called.

"Yes, sir," said Clint. "Where'll we put them?" and the man said to just drop them there on the porch. He had a broad, ruddy face and graying hair, and he had a glass in his hand. Beyond, in the room behind him, the two boys could see a dozen or more men and women, some dancing in a slow, aimless way, some just standing there drinking and laughing. There was smoke in the air and dim lights, and the whole thing looked pretty drunken. "Kind of hot tonight, eh?" the man was saying when one of the women inside glanced around and then hurried toward them.

"More people?" she cried as she came up to the door. She was wearing blue shorts and a tiny blue halter, and her skin was so tanned that it made her blond hair look white. Maybe it was white at that, Eddie thought; though she had a good figure, with nice long slim legs, there was something about her face that looked old. He could see she was fairly tight.

"No, no, Millie," the man said quickly, and grinned at Clint and Eddie.

"These are just some boys from the hardware store, bringing out some stuff I needed."

"Oh," the woman said. She had a highball glass in her hand too, and she took a drink from it, staring at the boys over the rim. Then her interest centred on Eddie. "I like him," she said in a kind of little-girl voice, and pointed. "What's your name?"

Eddie grinned. "Edward Fawcett," he said. She reached out one hand to him and, not knowing what else to do, Eddie took it. Her fingers were thin and a little bony, and the skin was hot and dry. "You're cute," she said, and she gave his hand a quick squeeze. "Why'n't you come in and have a drink? Can't he, Frank?"

The man looked slightly worried. "Sure," he said. "Both the boys, if they want to. But I think what they probably want is to get on home. Eh, boys?"

Before either of them



"My name is Manny Gorgusson, thirty-nine. I live at 1818 Mosholu Parkway, Bronx. I find it almost incredible to believe that there are narrow-minded persons of such intolerancy that they should object to the use of leg paint for a substitute to the traditional silk hosiery. Now, many young ladies of my acquaintanceship . . ."

could reply the woman broke in. "That's right, both the boys," she said. Then she squeezed Eddie's hand again and smiled. "Come on in," she said. "We'll have fun."

"Well..." said Eddie, not knowing quite what to say. He felt flattered, sort of, but he knew he'd be out of his depth in there.

Just then Clint spoke up. "Well, I can't," he said. "I got to be getting on home."

"Yeah, that's right," Eddie said. "Besides, we got somebody waiting in the truck."

"Oh?" the man said, surprised. He glanced out toward the driveway, and he must have seen Arlene, for when he looked back he was smiling a little. "Oh, I get it. I get it," he said. "Got a little party of your own, eh? Well, good luck, boys." He burst into a chuckle and grabbed Millie's arm. "Come on, Millie. I guess you're outclassed," he said as he shut the door.



"We figured we might as well get some use out of the old wagon."

CLINT went down the steps first, and so fast that Eddie couldn't keep up with him. Eddie didn't have a chance to say anything until Clint had started the truck. "Gee god, that was funny, eh, Clint?" he said. Clint was turning out of the driveway, heading toward the Lake, and he didn't say anything in reply. But Arlene glanced around.

"What was funny?" she asked.

Eddie put his arm back of her head and crooked his arm, so his hand hung down on her shoulder. "Tell her, Clint," he said.

Clint just glanced at them and he didn't say anything.

"Well, you tell me then," said Arlene.

"Oh, some dame back there took a shine to me. A blonde. It was almost embarrassing."

"Seems to me you get embarrassed quite a lot," Clint put in suddenly. He kept his eyes straight ahead.

Arlene looked at him for a second and then back at Eddie. "Well?" she said.

"Well, she wanted me to come in and have a drink with her. 'We'll have fun,' she said, just like that. She'd be nice, too," he added.

"Yes?" Arlene said. "Nice for what?"

"You know what," Eddie said. He didn't know quite why he did it; maybe it was because she'd been teasing him or because Clint was acting so funny, but he crooked his arm still more, bringing her head up against his shoulder, and then put his other hand under her chin, trying to turn her face up toward his.

"Hey, you. Quit," Arlene said, but she was laughing a little. "What you trying to do?" She had thrust her chin down hard on her chest and at first she succeeded in holding it there.

"I'll show you," Eddie said, and gradually he got her face turned around. He was just bending down to kiss her when the truck gave a lurch and swerved sharply sidewise. It was so abrupt that at first Eddie thought something had happened and they were going to be wrecked. Then, as the truck jolted to a stop, he saw that the headlights were aimed down a narrow dirt road. "Hey, Clint," he said. Now that they were standing still, they heard a long rumble of thunder, rolling along the horizon. "This isn't the way to the Lake."

"We ain't going to the Lake," Clint said, in an odd, muffled voice. He was

backing the truck out onto the pavement again, turning it so it was headed back toward town. Then, while Eddie and Arlene stared at each other, he climbed down from the seat. "Come on back here a minute, Eddie," he said in the same muffled voice, and walked to the rear of the truck.

"Sure," said Eddie, and climbed down too. As he came around the rear fender, Clint hit him square in the mouth with his fist.

It was so unexpected that for an instant Eddie couldn't understand what had happened. In the glow from the tail light, he could see Clint backing up a pace or two, his fists still clenched and his face white and set.

"Mr. Big Shot," Clint was muttering. "Put your hands up, why don't you?"

"Why—why, Clint! What's the matter?" Eddie said.

"First that woman back there, and now Arlene. Can't you fight? Put your hands up."

"But Arlene—why, you said yourself—" Clint rushed him again and he realized he was in a fight. He didn't get his fists up in time that time either,



"Did I tell you the terribly cute thing my platoon did the other day?"

and Clint clipped him with a glancing blow on his ear. It hurt, but he caught Clint one on the shoulder that spun him around. Then they both sparred and circled. "Listen, Clint," Eddie still pleaded, not because he was afraid but because he didn't see any sense in fighting. Clint was panting now. "And then telling them . . . my truck . . . on a party," he heard Clint saying jerkily. Clint rushed again; Eddie swung for his chin and landed on his cheek, just below the eye. He was beginning to get mad now himself, and when Arlene appeared neither boy even glanced at her. "Clint!" she yelled. "Clint! Eddie! What's got into you two?" Clint was backing up, ready to rush again, and Eddie decided this time he'd be ready for him. When the rush came he jumped away, felt a jolt as he bumped into the truck, caromed off, and caught Clint's fist right on the point of his nose.

That was how it happened, but the result was he had a nosebleed; he dropped his fists and walked over to the side of the road, pulling out his handkerchief as he went. Clint stood looking at him. Arlene watched him too. "All

right, Clint," he said. He could feel the blood soaking thick and sticky into his handkerchief and the sweat dripping down off his cheeks and his forehead. "The next time I go riding with you!"

"The next time you ride with me!" Clint said scornfully. "There won't be no next time for you." Then he turned to Arlene. "Come on, let's get into the truck." At first Arlene protested—"But you can't leave him here like this," she said—and they hung around arguing so long that Eddie found himself getting mad all over again. "Oh, get out of here! Go on!" he yelled, and at that they climbed into the truck and drove away. He heard the whine of low gear, then the shift, and the shift into high; then the tail light went glimmering down the road.

Left alone, Eddie listened for a moment to the thunder; it was louder and closer now, and there were occasional flashes of lightning far off among the clouds to the west. It would probably rain before he got home, he thought, but that didn't worry him. It would give him an excuse for coming

in so late when he got home; he could say he got caught in the rain somewhere and had to wait until it was over. What worried him most was the nosebleed. His handkerchief was so stuck up with the stuff that he hated to touch it, and yet he didn't want to get blood on his pants or shirt. Finally, he sat down in the grass with his head propped against a stone wall and just sat there, not moving, and after what seemed like a minute or two the bleeding stopped.

Then he stuffed the handkerchief into a crevice between the stones and started walking back along the road. As he passed the house where they'd stopped he could see that the party was going on still; he could hear the radio and occasionally a shout of laughter, and he walked very quietly, hoping that no one would look out and notice him. No one did. A little way beyond it he stopped and looked back. It was that woman's fault, in a way, he realized; Clint would never have tackled him the way he did if it hadn't been for her. And now she was

probably in there, loving up some other fellow.

"Old squirt!" Eddie said, aloud in the darkness, and then started walking again. He had gone barely half a mile more before he saw a pair of headlights coming down the road toward him. It was Clint and Arlene in the truck. They passed without seeing him, he thought, but glancing after them, he saw Clint turn into a lane, back out, and then come back along the road again. When the truck came abreast of him it stopped. "Get in, Eddie," Arlene said. Eddie kept right on walking, and Clint had to inch it ahead to keep up with him. Next time it was Clint who spoke. "Come on, Eddie," he said. "Get in." So, not looking at either of them, Eddie climbed into the cab of the truck. They were almost back into town before the storm broke and it started to rain.

—ROBERT M. COATES

However, a little corned beef hash comes in handy every now and again, she has found, and this is it—the age old problem of hair removal.—*Boston paper.*

Just rub it on and wipe it off.

TABBISH

IT was always a shock to Flora Crutwell's friends when they learned that her unique and invaluable MacTavish was a widow—that at some time or other the devoted Tabbish, as she had been known to the Crutwells since Flora was a baby, had gone off and got married, and that actually her surname was not MacTavish but Jones. Filling out the story, Miss Crutwell would explain that the marriage had been brief and comically disastrous and that poor old Tabbish had been overjoyed to return—after what was really no more than a night out—to the tranquillity of the Crutwell establishment. "They fought like tigers. And Tabbish used to chase him round the house, making the sign of the cross over him with a red-hot poker." Then the hearer would exclaim at this unexpected streak of ferocity in Tabbish and Flora would say that Tabbish was a Fiend when roused.

Unroused, Tabbish was a small, dusky, sad-faced old woman. Her pale, wide-set eyes, staring from dark circles, gave her a mad, kittenish expression, and like some bewitched kitten she darted about the house in endless pursuit of duties.

"Tabbish," said Miss Crutwell, "never sits down till midnight. Then she puts a shawl over her head, takes off her shoes and stockings, sits down with her feet in a bucket, and says the Rosary. My earliest memory is waking up in my cot and seeing Tabbish with her feet in a bucket."

The English never tire of stories about eccentrics, which is odd, since all the English are eccentrics. Stories about Tabbish contributed substantially to Flora Crutwell's success as a diner-out, and the war embellished the repertory. There was, for instance, Tabbish's determination to recognize as a second cousin every kilted soldier she set eyes on, her stratagems to procure a baby's gas helmet to save the poor cat creature, her descent to the air-raid shelter in London carrying the cat creature, the plate basket, her umbrella, five jars of real marmalade, and two per-

sonal whiskey bottles, one containing whiskey and the other holy water. Air raids, said Miss Crutwell, were the breath of life to Tabbish, and it had really been quite a shame to drag her away from the city when the blitz at last made it necessary.

But country life, too, had its challenge for Tabbish. The Crutwells were a Civil Service family and Jones had been a boilermaker; not since her distant girlhood had Tabbish set foot off a pavement. But on the day of arrival in Twizzel Bishops, Tabbish had scarcely brewed a pot of tea for the furniture removers before she was out in the neglected garden, snatching at groundsel, saying that the potatoes must be got in before the new moon, and choosing a place for the henhouse. And when, after a decent interval, neighbors began to call on that new Miss Crutwell, the door would be opened by a breathless Tabbish wearing a gardener's apron, carpet slippers plastered with mud, and as often as not clasping a hen to her bosom.

WHAT with Tabbish, anecdotes of Tabbish, and a great deal of natural bonhomie, Flora Crutwell was soon established as a godsend to her new neighbors. It was so providential, too, that Tabbish was a septuagenarian. No call-up but Death was likely to affect her, and as house after house became servantless, Tabbish was loaned out to minister to the sick, to clean up

after Red Cross whist drives, to polish silver, cut sandwiches, wash baby clothes, lend a hand with spring cleanings, tend incubators, and cook gala luncheons for visiting generals or husbands on leave. Very soon the whole beau monde of Twizzel Bishops was relying on Tabbish and partaking of Tabbish's clothing coupons.

"What way would I be needing the things?" inquired Tabbish. "Haven't I the run of all Miss Flossie's old gear, and the creature as fickle with her coats and skirts as a film body?"

"It's really a kindness to Tabbish," said Miss Crutwell to Caroline Edgeworth, who needed some of Tabbish's coupons for her daughter, who was getting married. "She prefers to go about like a ragbag, and the only use she has for a stocking is to hide money in. Heaven knows how much she's got put away. But I do know she's much better off than I am, and when my brother Cedric had to go off at a moment's notice to Syria she forked out fifty pound notes without batting an eyelid, let alone her National Savings and what the missionaries get out of her. All I ask is that you leave a coupon or two for me, unless you want me to dance at Bibby's wedding in a pair of galoshes."

BIBBY EDGEWORTH's wedding was followed, in the early summer of 1943, by the wedding of Bibby's younger sister, Sackie.

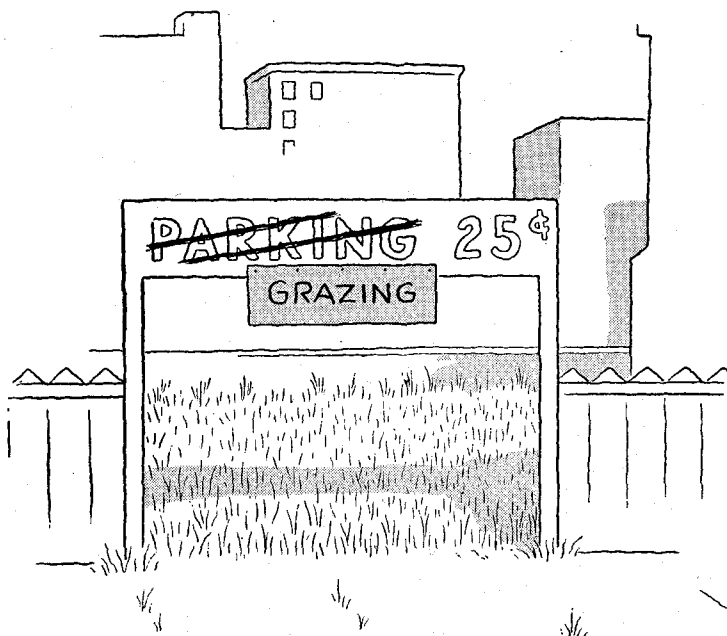
"Mother says she positively can't face it without your angel Tabbish," remarked the bride-to-be. "But after this she vows and swears she won't borrow her again till Dad's funeral."

"That's all right, my child. You shall have her. For a week, if you like, and I will live on canteen buns meanwhile. I'll tell her."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was thinking of asking her myself, gracefully concealed in the form of an invitation, you know."

"Aha! And touch her for a coupon or two at the same time. Well, go with my blessing. But don't you dare to take them all! Tabbish's coupons are dearer to me than my life."

A few minutes later



Chon
Day

FOR REMEMBRANCE

TO R. C. B.

WITH A GIFT OF CRYSTAL CANDLESTICKS

These candles are alike, yet they are two.
 Take one for the body's worth
 Which is more beautiful than rain or spring,
 A little body made of sun and earth,
 Some flowers (the whitest, these), a cloud, a feather,
 The talk of certain birds and certain streams,
 The silence of proud dreams,
 All living in peace, all held in peace together
 By the bright silver penny of the heart
 You found long since within a fairy ring.
 Take then this candle—not because its art
 Can light a path for you along the night
 But rather for your hand to give it light.
 But stay a moment ere you do depart;
 The candlesticks are two.
 There is another you.
 No flesh however fair
 Can bind that fire and air
 Nor any night inherit
 That lustre, that intense
 Thing beyond excellence
 And all the tricks of time—
 So from your lover, who has made much rhyme
 But found few proud enough to match your name
 Or your deep steadfastness,
 Accept this second toy of glass and flame
 And in its crystal read your crystal spirit
 And in the flame the love he cherishes.

TODAY I SAW YOU SMILING

Today I saw you smiling in your sleep.
 I don't know what you dreamt, for good or bad.
 I only know you smiled
 With all the touching gravity of a child,
 Patient and sober, waiting at a door
 That it had never knocked upon before,
 Or with a gift it was not sure to keep.
 My dear, indeed I know that you are more.
 How should I not, who see, beyond the grace,
 The delicate, secret courage of that face,
 So slight, so stubborn in its fortitude,
 The Irish laughter in the Irish eyes?
 I know enough that you are flesh and blood.
 I know you are a woman and distressed,
 Subject to mortal comedies and fears,
 I know the heart is mortal in the breast,
 I know the angry and the fruitful years.
 I know all these unnecessary things
 And could not love you more if you had wings,
 Having once lived with these mortalities.
 Yet, then, you slept, and, as you slept, you smiled,
 Gravely and patiently and far away
 And with such airy peace on every feature,
 It seemed to me I must have heard there say
 A Voice, august and mild,
 Rolling down slowly from the cliffs of day,
 "How well it sleeps! How well I made this creature!
 I am so very pleased with this good child."

MEMENTO MORI

FOR US

In the long bed of Time so straitly lying,
 Like angels on a shield—
 What is this petty artifice called dying?
 And when is it revealed?

THIRTY-FIVE

The sun was hot, the day was bright,
 And all July was overhead.
 I heard the locust first that night.
 "Six weeks till frost," it said.

FOR YOU

Sleep in the dust beside me, you
 Who never said a faithless word
 Or gave a kiss that was not true
 No matter how the dust was stirred.

—STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

[The foregoing poems were written by Mr. Benét some years before his death and have never been published before. We print them with a renewed sense of what his loss will mean to American verse.—THE EDITORS.]

Miss Edgeworth reappeared, looking sullen.

"She says she hasn't got any left."

"The old squanderbug!" exclaimed Miss Crutwell blithely. "Still, it's your own fault, Sackie, for marrying into the Navy. If you'd married something in a kilt, Tabbish would have given you enough for a trousseau."

THAT evening, when Tabbish brought in the bedtime cup of tea and said that the hot-water bottle was in Miss Flossie's bed and would there be anything more just now, Flora looked up and remarked, "I'm thankful you

saved our last coupons from that raiding little Sackie Edgeworth. As it is, I don't know how we shall make out till the next lot."

"I was thinking," said Tabbish, and paused.

After a while Flora said, "What



about? Don't say it's towels. I'm sure we've got enough towels."

"I was thinking, Miss Flossie, that maybe you'd be sparing me to go up to London for a day. Or two, maybe."

"Oh, Lord! Well, heaven knows you deserve it. What for, Tabbish?"

"The United Nations, Miss Flossie."

"The what? Oh, yes, that do! Tabbish, you're nothing more or less than an old pleasure-seeker."

"Whiles, I weary for a procession," said Tabbish.

"I know, I know! A procession with bagpipes, and the pipe major no other



"I have reason to believe you people are harboring an escaped welder of mine."

one than your Auntie Bell's third boy's daughter's stepbrother-in-law. And you'll faint your way into the front row, and wave, and cry your eyes out. Isn't that it?"

"And I was thinking, too, that maybe I'd go up the day earlier and buy myself a decentlike pair shoes. I've got the five wee coupons left."

"Nonsense, nonsense! I'll lend you a pair of mine. I'll lend you my new ones."

"If I should be meeting any of my own folk, I'd prefer to be standing on shoes of my own," said Tabbish.

Civil Service families have their fighting traditions, and once roused to a sense of her danger, Flora Crutwell put up a brisk defense. Tabbish's feeling about shoes was quite natural, of course, she said, but it was also ridiculous, pig-headed, and impracticable, for the shoes one bought nowadays were just not worth buying; they wore out immediately. It was unpatriotic, too. All the leather in the country was needed for Army boots. Tabbish might as well snatch the boots from one of her kilted cousins as buy herself a pair of shoes that she would wear for one day and never again. It was also unpatriotic, come to

that, to make the trip to London. Didn't Tabbish remember the poster in the railway booking office saying "Is Your Journey Really Necessary?" How would she feel when that stared her in the face? Travelling was frightful anyway. Tabbish would have to stand the whole way there and the whole way back, she would be worn out, far too tired to enjoy herself. It would be bound to rain, too—it always rained for processions—and getting wet through would mean bronchitis, and at Tabbish's age bronchitis was no joke. She, Flora Crutwell, would never be able to forgive herself if Tabbish got bronchitis. And all this for five minutes—it certainly wouldn't be more—of pipe music and white-spatted marching.

"Honestly, Tabbish, I've a good mind to forbid you going."

"You'll not do that," said Tabbish. "You'll not dare affront me while I'm getting more coupons in the autumn." There was no anger in the words; only a profound, melancholy disapproval sighed through them, like a wind sighing through fir trees.

Defeated and left to herself, Flora Crutwell drank up her cold tea and walked about the room, straightening

books and tweaking cushions. It was a distinguished room—the shelves were full of contemporary books, some of them even inscribed by their authors, and reproductions of modern paintings hung on the walls—but for all that she felt herself back in the nursery stamping to and fro between the battered rocking horse and the tall fender, eyed hatefully by the good little girls and trusty terriers of the *Pear's Annual* pictures on the nursery walls. Tabbish was cross with her—horrible, crosspatch old Tabbish! She was angry and might even go away. Life without Tabbish, Miss Crutwell without her unique and invaluable MacTavish... She was beaten, and knew it.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Adv. in the *Herald Tribune*]

This is costume jewelry in the heirloom class. Lucky flower-pieces to carry your blessing to a gallant bride of today—and eventually to her granddaughter. Pieces to be treasured for their sentimental symbolism, their realistic beauty—the petals pansy-purple or black, the heart palest yellow and white, the center a fine fake pearl.



"But you're mistaken, I assure you. I was whistling for a cab."

* * * P R O F I L E S

HOUSE GUEST~II

HARRY HOPKINS, special assistant and adviser to the President, chairman of the Munitions Assignments Board, and for more than three years a guest in the White House, was born in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1890. His father, the late David A. Hopkins, was a harness dealer who moved to Nebraska from Sioux City in 1892 and nine years later, when Harry was eleven, settled in Grinnell, Iowa, where he gradually switched over from selling harnesses to running the town's only newspaper-and-magazine store. He also kept candy on hand and continued to handle the leather goods left over from his harness shop. A tall, portly man, he tended counter in his shirtsleeves and sold cigarettes without a license. Grinnell was, and is, a rather innocent town, with a strong Methodist flavor, and the senior Hopkins, a salty, erratic, irreligious, outspoken, quarrelsome character with so compelling a passion for bowling that he eventually left town to take over the bowling-alley concession in a hotel in Spokane, Washington, was known as Dad Hopkins and was generally regarded as the town's most picturesque ornament. Harry's mother, who was born in Ontario, was a zealous churchgoer, a onetime president of the Methodist Home Missionary Society of Iowa, conventional, reliable, and the opposite of her husband in nearly every particular. She brought up her five children (a sixth died in childhood) to attend church frequently, to ignore their comparative poverty, to eschew liquor, and to work hard. In his early teens Harry beat carpets, scrubbed floors, and milked cows; summers he earned money by working on nearby farms. He also spent a good deal of time swapping funny stories with his father, a man who believed in letting carpets alone. Hopkins is a thoughtful man who likes to ponder his personality and antecedents. "What makes a fellow tick?" he once inquired of an acquaintance, and, without pausing for a reply, went on to analyze which traits he had inherited from which parent. The analysis got nowhere. Old Grinnell friends have figured out that he owes his ability to take a position and stand by it to his mother, and his geniality and wit to his father. Hopkins has one sister, Mrs. Frank L. Aimé, a social worker who lives in Riverdale. One of his brothers died a few years ago; the two others

are a Tacoma, Washington, physician and a Portland, Oregon, businessman.

Hopkins went to Grinnell College, a coeducational institution, where he was a successful campus politician and athlete. During the summer vacation after his freshman year, his mother took him to New York for a few days. Hopkins was pleasurably stimulated by the metropolis, and after returning home he kept thinking about the excitements of the East. In 1912, the year he was graduated from college, he was delighted when one of his professors, who was connected with Christodora House, a Manhattan settlement house, had him appointed head of a summer camp for boys which this organization ran near Bound Brook, New Jersey. He has since explained that he became a social worker in order to get to New York. He stopped off at Chicago en route; the Republican Presidential convention was being held there, and he got into it (by posing as Elihu Root's secretary) just in time to hear Theodore Roosevelt, who was bolting to the Progressive Party, make a speech saying that thieves were running the Republican Party. He went on to Baltimore, where he heard William Jennings Bryan denounce Tammany. He then proceeded to Bound Brook, where he surveyed his duties and surroundings with astonishment. "I'd never seen a Jewish boy before in my life," he once said. "Also, you'd go on hikes and picnics, plan baseball games, and struggle to discipline the boys," he went on. "I'd never disciplined anyone and they made a sucker out of me." In his early youth, Hopkins was too busy playing basketball and squiring girls to acquaint himself with the doctrine of flux as reflected in the works of Horatio Alger and Heraclitus, so his own more recent activities have been a source of surprise to himself. His intimates have come to include such sophisticates as the Herbert Bayard Swopes, Bernard Baruch, Quentin Reynolds, the John Hay Whitneys, and the W. Averell Harrimans, and "There's always a civilized way to do things" has become one of his favorite expressions, but he still finds it difficult to realize that he sleeps in the room in which Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, that he has both lunched and dined with the King of England in a single day, that his relationship with Mr. Roosevelt is almost



Harry L. Hopkins

that of an alter ego, and that he is, by virtue of this relationship, the second most influential man in the country and one of the dozen or so most influential men in the world.

Hopkins is a man of considerable humility and simplicity, and his wonder at his career is no less today than it was long before his doings had achieved any great degree of importance. In the fall following his New Jersey summer's amazement, he was again amazed when he became a case worker at Christodora House. He lived at the settlement, on Avenue B, and started mixing with a class of people he had never encountered in Grinnell, where actual privation was rare. "I really got exposed to New York," he told a friend once. "I climbed tenement stairs, listened to the talk of Morris Hillquit and William English Walling, went to Cooper Union meetings, and really got exposed to the whole business of how the working class lived and to their poverty and joviality. Many's the bottle fight I saw in those days. Real gangsters would walk into the settlement dances—Lefty Louie and others—just to bedevil us, and you'd try to throw them out. You know. Really tough. That's when I found out there was such a thing as a gangster. I got a dose of it, and not by books."

After a couple of years of watching bottle fights and ushering gangsters off the dance floor, Hopkins, who had meanwhile married a fellow-Christodora worker, Miss Ethel Gross, and set up housekeeping in a rented house in Yonkers, became a district supervisor in the Family Welfare Department of the

Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. He supplemented the study of this organization's case workers' reports by visits to the families involved, and he became even more surprised at the poverty and joviality he encountered. In 1915 he left the Association to become executive secretary of the New York City Board of Child Welfare, which had been established partly as the result of an economic survey of widows and their children which Hopkins himself had helped to make for the Association. This survey took him all over Manhattan, drawing out charwomen in tenement houses, and once again he found a minimum of gloom. Hopkins is an easygoing, wisecracking, sympathetic, conversational individual with a liking for nearly everyone who isn't a stuffed shirt, and a good many old-time social workers around town suspect that during his Association days a number of ordinarily truculent paupers became jovial through pure contagion. He later acquired a knack of cheering up the rich as well as the poor, and today he prides himself on his ability to get along with all kinds of people. "Now, you take this business of Louie," he said a few months after his marriage last summer to his third wife, the former Mrs. Louise Macy, a Pasadena girl who was once the Paris editor of *Harper's Bazaar* and is accustomed to moving in rather urbane circles. "Three-fourths of her friends I think are fine." Mrs. Hopkins appreciates the successful effort her husband has made to get along with people like Mrs. Carmel Snow, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a magazine which does not reflect the problems of charwomen and touches only lightly on the problems of Presidents, and she in turn has adjusted herself to Hopkins' friends, who run more to prime ministers, Cabinet members, ambassadors, coordinators, and four-star generals.

HOPKINS' career as a social worker was advanced rather than interrupted by the first World War, during which, after being rejected because of poor eyesight when he tried to enlist in the Army, he served as manager of the Southern Division of the Red Cross in New Orleans, dealing largely with the economic problems of servicemen's families. After the war he returned to the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor as assistant director. In 1924 he became director of the New York Tuberculosis Association, and under him it soon transcended its name. It amalgamated under its control

a number of other public-health organizations, among them the New York Heart Association and various charity dental and social-hygiene associations, changed its name to the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, and began to operate on a really large scale, selling more Christmas seals than ever before. By this time, Hopkins, although far from reconciled to the condition of the poor, was no longer surprised by it, but he soon began to be astonished by the problems of the sick and his commanding position amid these problems. His wonder at the influential niche which he occupied was shared by others, notably the medical men with whom he came in constant contact. Hopkins is a person of quick perception and retentive memory, one who learns more from conversation than from books, and he didn't bother to bone up on medical matters to any appreciable extent. Sitting on boards largely populated by doctors, he occasionally displayed a grasp of science which they considered loose or was guilty of medical gaffes that would make even an interne shudder. Accompanied by celebrated physicians on money-raising expeditions, he would sometimes intimate to men of means, in an offhand but enthusiastic way, that if such-and-such a sum were forthcoming for research, a cure for heart disease would be discovered within five years. His medical colleagues would enter pained demurrers. Many of them still feel that Hopkins would undoubtedly be the last man on a submarine to be invited to perform an emergency appendectomy, but they appreciate his talent for raising money and for efficient organizational expansion. According to Dr. Alfred Cohn, a member of the board of directors of the Tuberculosis Association and a heart specialist on the staff of the Rockefeller Institute, Hopkins ran the Association with uncommon skill.

"He is a man of good will with a sense of responsibility," Dr. Cohn has said. "He created an atmosphere in which other men of good will could work. He thought of himself simply as a catalyzer."

Hopkins began to develop serious emotional problems in his latter Association days; in 1930 he had himself psychoanalyzed, and the stenographers in his office followed his progress, to which he never alluded explicitly, with interest. "Don't take marriage too seriously," Hopkins, fresh from a treatment, would advise them. "Give your husband plenty of rope." Hopkins and his first wife were divorced that same year, and a few months later he married Barbara Duncan, a girl employed by the Tuberculosis Association. The first Mrs. Hopkins, who has not remarried, is now an employee of the Red Cross in Rhode Island; she and Hopkins had three sons, David, Robert, and Stephen, who are in the Navy, the Army, and the Marines respectively.

The next big sociological surprise in Hopkins' life was the late Jesse Isidor Straus, who, as chairman of the New York State Temporary Emergency Relief Administration, in 1931 arranged for Hopkins to become a statewide catalyzer by appointing him the executive director of that organization. Mr. Straus, who was president of Macy's and later served as ambassador to France, was neither poor nor particularly jovial; he liked the people around him to know exactly what they were talking about, he constituted Hopkins' first intimate contact with an urbanely autocratic man of affairs, and for some weeks he baffled Hopkins. "I thought: by God, this is a new kind of man I've met in my life," Hopkins later remarked. "If you can't get along with him it's your own fault. Soon we got on famously." The two men got along so well that a year later, when Straus retired from the chairmanship of the TERA, he recommended Hopkins to Governor Roosevelt as his successor. Roosevelt accepted the suggestion. Earlier, Straus had invited Hopkins to come to work at Macy's as a sort of idea man. Hopkins, whose salary as a social worker was hovering around \$10,000, was in the habit of talking about going into business in order to make money, but he never really meant it, and he declined Straus's offer.

HOPKINS' Washington career dates from 1933, when Roosevelt made him head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. By 1934, four





"I do wish Henry could run into somebody in the dress business to talk to."

million families were on relief and the FERA was distributing around \$150,000,000 a month to them. Hopkins, who upon arriving in Washington had said to a friend, "Well, I'm not going to last six months here, so I'll do as I please," developed a magisterial impatience with persons who referred to federal aid as coddling or vote-fishing. "I have a real quarrel with people who say such things while seated at a comfortable dinner table drinking cocktails," he remarked. In 1935, when he became Works Progress Administrator, he said, in a radio speech dealing, among other things, with chambers of commerce, "They sit in pompous conclaves now and then and bring forth such ideas as giving the needy unemployed a ham sandwich and letting it go at that. I believe the days of letting people live in misery, of being rock-bottom destitute, of children being hungry, or of moralizing about rugged individualism in the light of modern facts—I believe those days are over in America." During his three years as head of the WPA, Hopkins got \$10,000 a year and supervised the distribution of over ten billion dol-

lars for public works. For several years he had favored work relief rather than the dole as a solution of the national unemployment problem, and he plunged happily into the initiation and direction of projects involving everything from road building to post-office murals.

Louis Howe, Roosevelt's confidential secretary, died in 1936, and not long after this Hopkins became the preferred intimate and, after the fall of James A. Farley from favor, the chief political adviser of the President. He began to acquire enemies on a coast-to-coast scale, and in the fall of 1938 Arthur Krock, the major Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* and spokesman for a good many people who suspected that Hopkins' stewardship of federal-aid funds was not altogether divorced from political considerations, credited Hopkins, in his column, with the remark "We will spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect." In a letter to the *Times* Hopkins denied having said this, and he also denied it in the course of a Senate investigation which preceded the ratification of his appointment as Secretary of Commerce,

late in 1938. According to Krock, whose source was an article by Frank Kent in the *Baltimore Sun*, Hopkins made the statement at a race track in the presence of at least two prominent New Yorkers. Krock was not willing to give the names of these men to the Senate committee. H. L. Mencken, a less reticent man, has included the remark, under "Electioneering," in his "New Dictionary of Quotations":

"We will spend and spend, and tax and tax, and elect and elect."

Ascribed to Harry L. Hopkins: To Max Gordon at the Empire racetrack, Yonkers, N. Y., Aug., 1938.

Mr. Mencken has followed this up, under "Electricity," with:

"I'll put a girdle round the earth
In forty minutes."

Shakespeare: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, c. 1596.

Hopkins is flattered by the juxtaposition, but he still doesn't think he ought to be in the book.

HOPKINS is a man of indifferent health, and the fortitude with which he has survived periods of intense

suffering has probably been a factor in the growth of the President's affection for him. Hopkins' first siege of physical ailment began in his WPA days. He has a weak stomach, and on airplane trips of inspection around the country he often made speeches and played poker with local dignitaries while in a condition so shaky that it would have discouraged most men from addressing even their best friends or from playing solitaire. His second wife died in the fall of 1937, after a long illness, and a couple of months later Hopkins went to the Mayo Brothers' Clinic for an ulcer operation. He has been in and out of the Mayo Clinic and other hospitals a half-dozen times since, and in 1939 he rented a farm near Grinnell with the announced intention of ending his days there, perhaps rather soon. He was being mentioned as a possible Presidential candidate, and some cynical political observers interpreted the Iowa farm, which Hopkins never actually lived on, as a strategic as well as a therapeutic measure. Hopkins thrives on emergencies, and in May, 1940, on the day Germany invaded Belgium and Holland, he rose from the sickbed he had occupied for several months and dined at the White House, where, by invitation and practically by command, he has

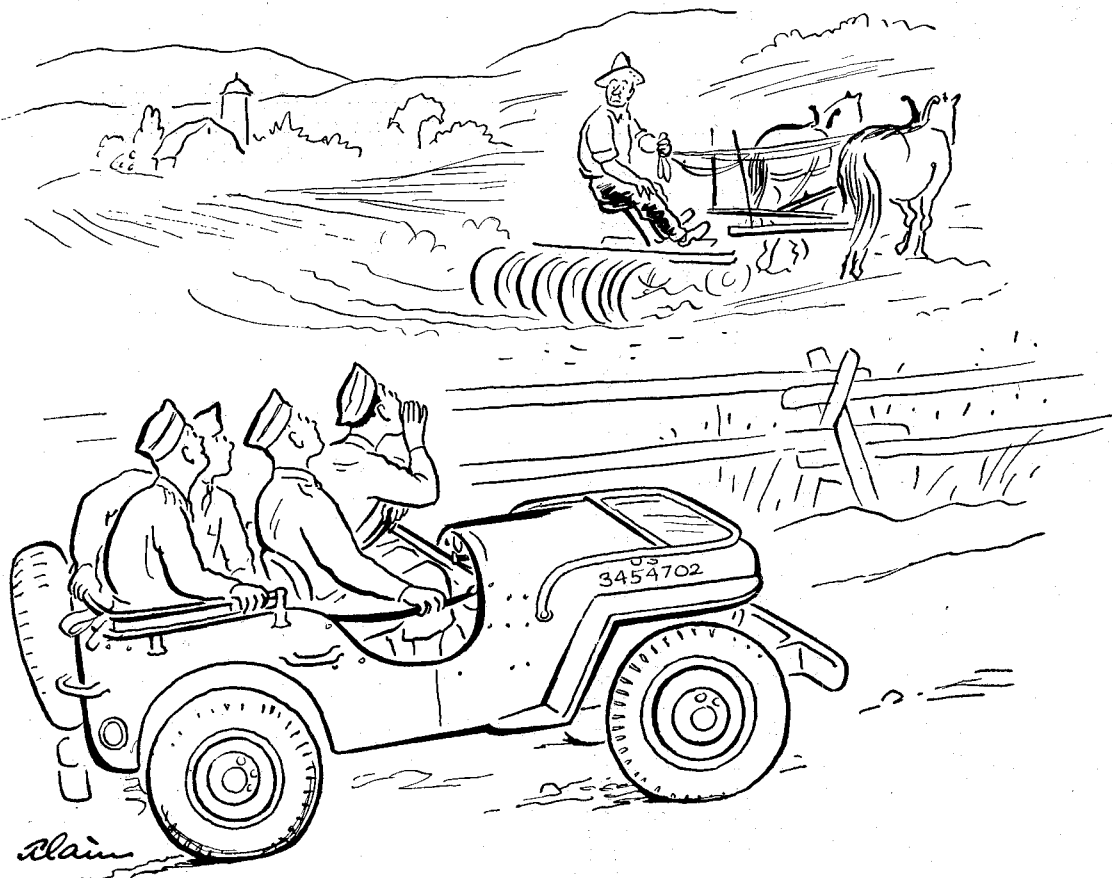
lived ever since. Two months afterward he was well enough to take charge of the third-term "draft" at the Chicago convention. Later in the year he accompanied Roosevelt on the cruise to the Bahamas on which the idea of lend-lease was worked up, and in January, 1941, he made the first of four trips to England as Roosevelt's personal envoy to Winston Churchill.

Hopkins, who is not a hypochondriac, likes to discuss his health and to tell people that it used to be nearly impossible for him to digest anything, that half of his insides have been removed, and that he was finally cured by a series of treatments so mysterious and so widely scattered that the doctors never knew what actually cured him. "They gave me stuff they'd never given before," he says with some pride. "I took plasma transfusions and all sorts of drug injections through my arms, my ankles, and the backs of my hands. I had some kind of malnutrition. It resembled everything they'd ever heard of, from beri-beri to sprue. They don't know what cured me, they tried so many things." Occasionally, declining professional aid, Hopkins has acted as his own doctor. Several years ago, while weekendng near New York, he called a friend in Washington and told him he was dying. The

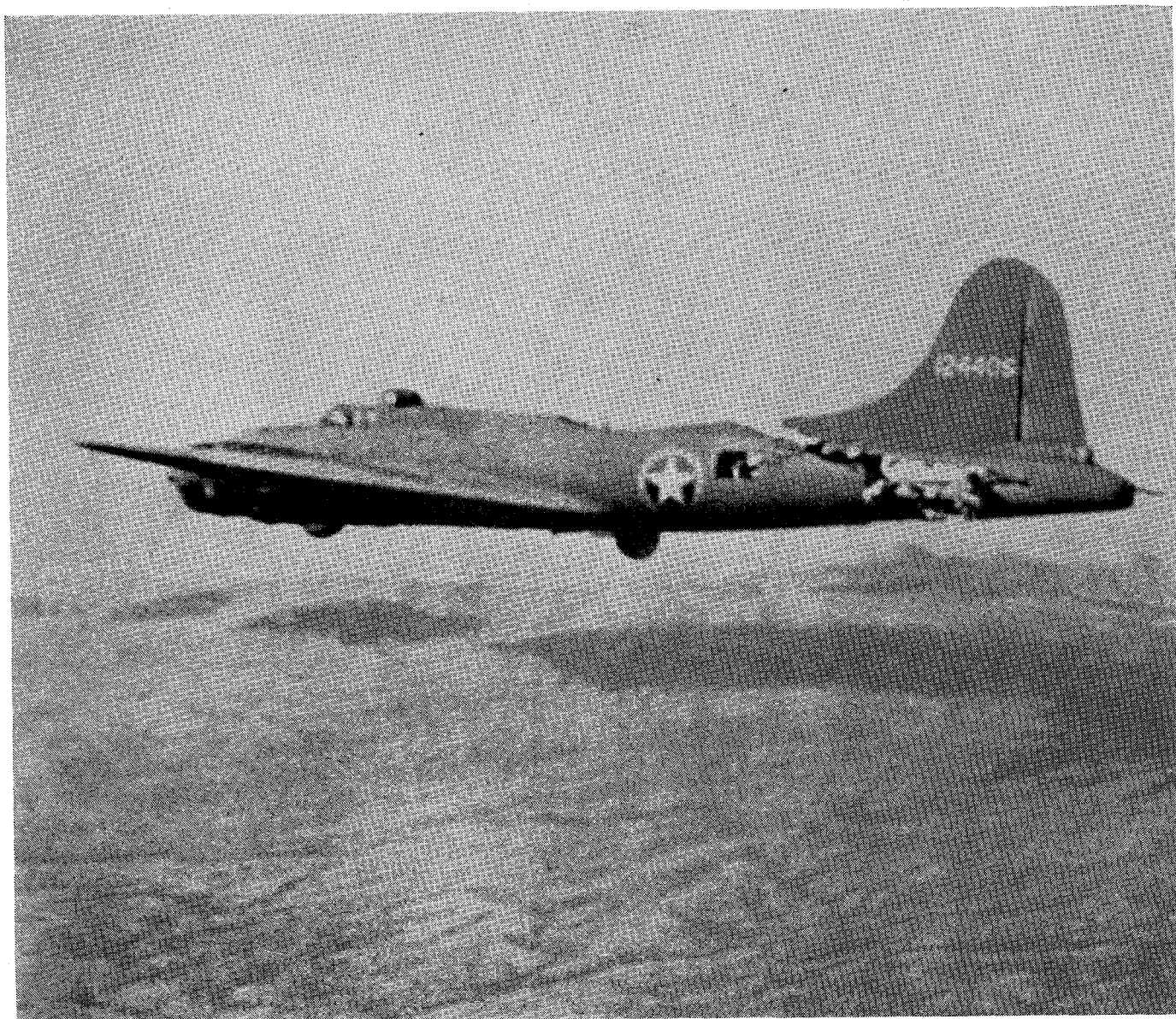
friend got in touch with the President's household at Hyde Park and arrangements were made to speed medical aid to Hopkins' bedside. The friend's telephone rang again in a few minutes and Hopkins said, "I'm about eight miles out of New York. Can you get someone to bring me a *Racing Form*?" In the summer of 1939, when the King and Queen of England were here, Hopkins, then Secretary of Commerce, attended a garden party in their honor at the British Embassy. Half an hour after he had arrived, he sneaked off behind some bushes, where an inquisitive elderly lady, spotting him through the foliage, found him sitting on the ground with his shoes off. "I'm here because my feet hurt," Hopkins explained. Elderly ladies generally like Hopkins; he got on well with the President's mother, the late Mrs. James Roosevelt, and he was one of the few political visitors to Hyde Park to whom the senior Mrs. Roosevelt's frequent query, "Who are all these queer people, Franklin?," did not apply.

The war has acted as a tonic to Hopkins, but it has also made him less carefree. He has an explosive, penetrating laugh, but it has been heard rather infrequently since December 7, 1941. That day he was lunching alone with the President in the White House study

when Secretary of the Navy Knox telephoned the news. His last marriage has also brightened up his life. He met his bride in March, 1942, when, in response to a letter from Mrs. Lawrence Lowman, a former *Harper's Bazaar* editor, asking whether he could help a friend of hers, Louise Macy, get a job in Washington, he asked Mrs. Macy to meet him at the St. Regis one morning. After half an hour's talk, he said he would see what he could do. He went to England shortly afterward, and on his return, in April, invited Mrs. Macy to dinner in New York. He offered her a job in the OPA, but she was in the middle of a nurse's-aide course by this time and shook her head. Hopkins has always been susceptible to good-looking, gay, companionable women, of which Mrs. Macy is one, and he resolved to see her again. During the



"Pardon me. Can you tell us which is the worst road to Middleboro?"



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Often the question is asked about Boeing Fortresses: "How can they do it?" One Fortress came home with 2000 bullet holes, and with big areas of both wing sections shot away. Another had a hole in the fin "large enough for the navigator to walk through." Others have come in with rudder and elevator controls sheared by gunfire.

How can they do it?

One reason is Boeing design. The Fortress has no Achilles heel, no highly vulnerable spot for the enemy to attack. No single structural member has to carry the entire load for its section; even when

large portions of the plane are badly damaged, the Fortress usually is strong enough to remain aloft, fight off its enemies, and return home.

There are other reasons, of course—many of them. But they all stem from what has been termed the integrity of Boeing products. Soundly and conservatively engineered, honestly built, these products always have done more than has been expected of them. True today, it likewise will be true in peacetime tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

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next two months he saw her eight or nine times; she spent one weekend at the White House and two at Hyde Park, at Mrs. Roosevelt's invitation.

On June 22nd Hopkins took Mrs. Macy to a Russian War Relief rally at Madison Square Garden, where, sharing the speakers' platform with Ambassador Litvinov, he paid tribute to the fighting spirit of Russia, which he had visited the year before. After the rally, Hopkins took Mrs. Macy to El Morocco, where they talked until it was time for him to catch the 12:50 train to Washington. "I had never dreamed of getting married again," Hopkins now says. "I got to my room the next morning and thought: you're in love with her, you talked like a sixteen-year-old last night. Churchill was here and I asked him to dine with the nicest girl he'd ever seen. I telephoned Louie to come down. I wanted to get it settled before dinner." Hopkins proposed to Mrs. Macy, who did not shake her head this time, in the Harrimans' suite at the Mayflower, where she had gone to change for dinner. "Marie Harriman came in just as I was going to kiss her," Hopkins later complained to a friend. Churchill and the engaged couple drove to the British Embassy for dinner, and the Prime Minister was the first person to be told of their plans. Later in the evening, Hopkins walked into the President's study, advised his boss to hang on to his chair, and said that he was going to be married. Mr. Roosevelt laughed and said he bet he knew who the girl was. When his guess was confirmed, he said, "That's wonderful!" and insisted that the Hopkinses should live at the White House. "It was all done in good company," Hopkins says, recalling the evening's events. Hopkins went to England two weeks later, and on his return, in late July, he and his fiancée were married in the President's study.

By his second marriage, Hopkins has an eleven-year-old daughter, Diana, a bright and fanciful child whom Mrs. Roosevelt invited to live at the White House not long after the death of her mother, in 1937, when Hopkins was in the Mayo Clinic. Diana later returned to her father, who had rented a house in Georgetown, but she went back to the White House with him in 1940, and Mrs. Roosevelt has continued to take a motherly interest in her. Diana's friends include Winston Churchill, but he is not often here, and the President's wife used to worry whether the little girl's rather solitary life at the White House was a good thing for her.

She once communicated her apprehension rather forcibly to Hopkins, a loving but busy father. "That's totally unimportant. The only important thing is the war," said Hopkins, who likes to use this dodge when anything of a purely civilian nature confronts him. "Harry, it's not," said Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt has worried a good deal less about Diana since Hopkins' third marriage. Diana has a room on the floor above the Hopkins apartment, and Mrs. Hopkins, who is her husband's junior by fifteen years, is an affectionate and thoughtful stepmother, whom Diana finds highly sympathetic. She has given Hopkins domestic companionship without interfering with his friendship with the President, and Hopkins, who does not expect to stay on at the White House when Roosevelt leaves, looks forward someday to setting up a home with her and Diana in New York. He is not sure what he will do when that day comes—he would rather like to edit a magazine on public affairs—but he is reasonably sure that he will live in New York. "I've liked New York since the first day I saw it," he said a few evenings ago, relaxing with friends at a non-White House dinner. "It's a wonderful place to live. You mind your own business, see the people you want, go to the theatre at the last moment, hear some music. I love it. None of this commuting life. I want no part of that. I want to live right in Manhattan. I think Sundays in New York are the tops. I like everything about that town, from its smells to the cops, from its parks to—" Hopkins waved his hands vaguely, at a loss for further encomiums.

Although the President's special adviser and chairman of the Munitions Assignments Board awaits, with the gusto of an O. Henry, the day when he can exchange conversations about bombers, rationing, and military strategy for the simple and complicated pleas-



ures of truly urban life, he has not forgotten the sharp and far from festive impression which Manhattan made on him when he came to it, fresh from Iowa, thirty years ago. "I thought the economic system which bred such poverty was terrible and I think so now," he recently told a friend. "The poor are not poor because they're bad or lazy. Anyway, I don't see why, because a man is lazy, his wife and children shouldn't eat. A man drinks, he is a drunkard. Well, what are you going to do with his wife and children? I believe people are poor in the main because we don't know how to distribute the wealth properly. I've got away from the notions I once had about a socialist state. I think it can be done under a capitalist economy. WPA showed that. Twenty-five million got their income under that. I think that after this war, if you run up a debt of two hundred billion dollars, the country can stand it. It's resilient. Now we spend around seven billion a month on the war. We certainly can spend a few billion a year after the war. We must get the right relationship between government and private enterprise. The government is in this thing and in it for good."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the second of two articles
on Mr. Hopkins.)

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Genial old Professor Blackie, with his handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders, was a picturesque figure in Edinburgh streets. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little boot-black: "Shine your shoes, sir?"

The professor, impressed by the dirtiness of the boy's face, said, "I don't want a shine, my boy, but if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," the boy replied. He went to a fountain nearby, performed his ablutions, and returned. The professor beamed.

"Well, my boy, you have earned your sixpence. Here it is!"

"I dinna want it," returned the boy with dignity. "Ye can keep it and get your hair cut!"—John de Morgan, *In Lighter Vein* (Elder)—*Reader's Digest*, November, 1938.

Paderewski, in one of his final tours of the United States, was in Boston. A boot-black approached him and asked, "shine?" The great pianist looked at the boy and remarked, "No, my boy, but if you'll wash that dirt off your face, I'll give you a quarter." "All right!" agreed the lad, ran to a hydrant nearby, washed his face thoroughly, and returned. Paderewski with a smile handed over a quarter. The boy took it, but handed it back immediately, with the remark, "Here, mister, you take it yourself and get a hair-cut."—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)—*Coronet*, May, 1943.



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JUST ONE MISS BERGNER

BY this time, Martin Vale, the author of "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," must have grown a little snappish from hearing that his play may manage to run for a while on the strength of its leading lady, Elisabeth Bergner. That's about the size of it, though. Mr. Vale has gone to the trouble of devising a plot which is all about painting, illicit love affairs, and poison, and he has even worked quite a bit of excitement into his last two scenes. Furthermore, he has thought up seven characters in addition to the one played by Miss Bergner and has given them all a number of lines to speak. Yet you come away from the Booth Theatre remembering the details of Miss Bergner's performance—or most of them, since she's as busy as a beaver in the play—but somewhat hazy about the functions of some of the rest of the cast. This is not only because of the leading lady's rampant personality but because Mr. Vale's plot, for the first act at least, is a pretty cluttered affair. An artist (name of Carroll) and his second wife move into a villa in the south of France and a former, deserted lover of the wife's shows up, but without rancor, and the fact that he has been deserted turns out not to signify anything. Then some neighbors drop in and allude mysteriously to the previous occupants of the villa, but their conversation turns out not to mean much either. Later on, more than one reference is made to the artist's being a speed demon in an automobile, but he never even gets a ticket. In short, red herrings chase each other across the stage in schools, and it's not until the poisoning begins that you know you're getting somewhere.

Miss Bergner, as the wife, is a miracle of competence. She has the part diagrammed, photographed, dissected, and fingerprinted. Artists' wives who would like to live in a villa in the south of France someday should look in on her and find out how to behave. Victor Jory, as the painter, is runner-up to Miss Bergner in amount of work to do and

takes care of his responsibilities well enough. Vera Allen plays the first Mrs. Carroll, whose obligation it happens to be to warn her successor that her life is in great danger. Somehow or other, in spite of the amiable nature of her errand, this woman winds up by seeming something of a nuisance. Michelette Burani plays a French domestic rather neatly, Irene Worth is properly toothsome as a seductress, and Stiano Braggiotti, Philip Tonge, and Margery Maude do what they can with rôles that are not too vital.

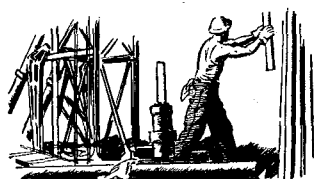
THERE'S no denying that "The Merry Widow" comes off best in this year's crop of operettas. The New Opera Company's production is a handsome and obviously expensive one. The two leading singers, Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth, have high-class voices, and they have plenty of solid support from a whopping big cast. The dancing is handled by people whom a dope on the subject could, and did, recognize as experts. The drawbacks to the show are ones that are apt to plague any operetta.

The first of these is that Mr. Kiepura, being a very high-class tenor indeed, is a little topheavy for many of the songs he sings. They are, for the most part, nice, tuneful numbers that won't quite carry the weight of his big-time style. Miss Eggerth, alias Mrs. Kiepura, has some trouble, too, with her one solo, "Vilia," which she doesn't seem able to tone herself down to after a couple of strenuous duets with her husband. It can be said for



her, though, that she's prettier than lots of girls who can't sing soprano at all, or even baritone. One fault the production has as a whole is that the lyrics are almost unintelligible, mainly because, as is the peculiar case with most operettas, the orchestra drowns everybody out. Perhaps it doesn't matter, since the lyrics are well known anyway, but about the only spot you can be sure that the people on the stage are singing the right words is the line "Girls, girls, girls, girls,

**It cost \$35,000 to
get this man a job**



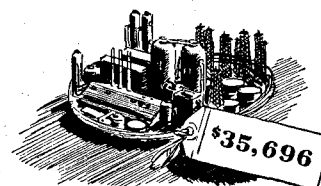
1. Mike, a Union Oil well-puller, makes \$1.10 an hour. Like any other skilled workman he has to have tools. The principal "tool" in his case is a portable derrick, which pulls the pipe out of the wells. Without that derrick, Mike's just another guy with two hands.



2. So in order to use his skill, Union first had to buy a portable derrick that cost \$35,000. At first glance this may seem like a lot of money. It takes almost exactly that much to provide the working equipment for every employee in the Union Oil Company.



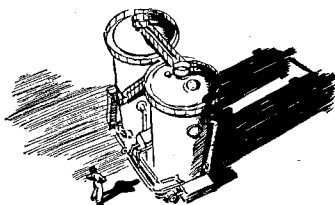
3. Of course, it only takes a \$60 typewriter to put a stenographer to work. But on the other hand, it takes a \$4,000,000 refining unit to make jobs for just 25 stillmen. And if it weren't for the refining unit, the stenographer wouldn't have anything to write letters about.



4. So the Union Oil stockholders have actually invested \$35,696 (in refineries, ships, tools, rigs, machines, oil lands, etc.) for every one of the 8,192 employees in the company. This figure shows how drastically the machine age has altered American life.



5. Only 50 years ago, 99 men out of 100 could practice their trade with tools they bought themselves. Then came our great flood of modern inventions. As hand tools gave way to power tools, and machine followed intricate machine, industries changed almost over night.



6. Many, such as oil, began to require such an investment in equipment alone that no one man, employee or employer, could furnish the "tools" by himself. The only answer was multiple ownership. Large groups of Americans began to pool their money in corporations.



7. That way, they could put up enough money collectively to buy the equipment Mike needed and, at the same time, preserve competition—that all-important incentive government ownership can never provide. The efficiency of this system startled the world.

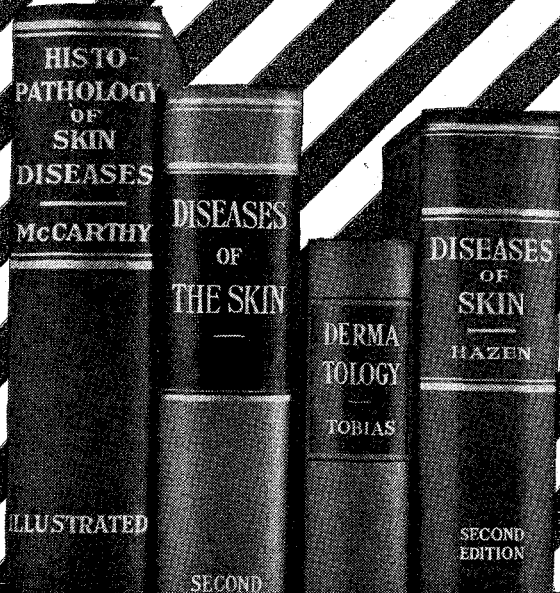


8. In two generations . . . we achieved the highest standard of living, and the greatest capacity for war production, ever known. The corporation, of course, is not the only phase of our Free Enterprise system that made this possible. But without it, the job could never have been done.

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girls." As for the comedy, it has been brightened up a touch in this version and the head man is Melville Cooper, who is reasonably good in his line, but you can't ever expect the comedy in an operetta to slay you, and this doesn't.

A GOOD slice of the performing talent in the Second Service Command is appearing in "The Army Play-by-Play," a group of five sketches written and acted by soldiers and staged for the benefit of Army Emergency Relief. There are naturally ups and downs in this offering, but the average is fairly high. Of the three which are comedies, my favorite is "Pack Up Your Troubles," which is about a private whose object is to put through a long-distance call to learn the results of his wife's accouchement but who happens to catch a couple of saboteurs while he's at it. On the other hand, "Button Your Lip," which takes place in a latrine but nevertheless comes up with a different lady guest star every night, has its appeal too. The two serious sketches are called "First Cousins" and "Mail Call," of which the second seems the more plausible. There are also a number of specialties served up in front of the curtain during intermissions. They consist of imitations and dance routines and so on and comprise a pleasant little vaudeville show, only with G.I. costumes.

"TRY AND GET IT" was a farce that opened last week and closed again with commendable speed. It was about a good girl and a bad girl and a colored maid who was always talking to the doorbell, and stuff like that.—D. E. L.

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT (HEAVY CREAM DIVISION)

[From "Marriage Is a Private Affair," by Judith Kelly]

Sissy's creamy, opulent little face peered over the sofa's back... —Page 69.

She folded her hands across her breasts and smoothed her creamy little face into an exquisite rendition of shy modesty. —Page 69.

She shoved back her pale brown satin-slippy hair from the little creamy shield of her face. —Page 72.

Sissy's eyebrows were quirked high in her creamy face. —Page 115.

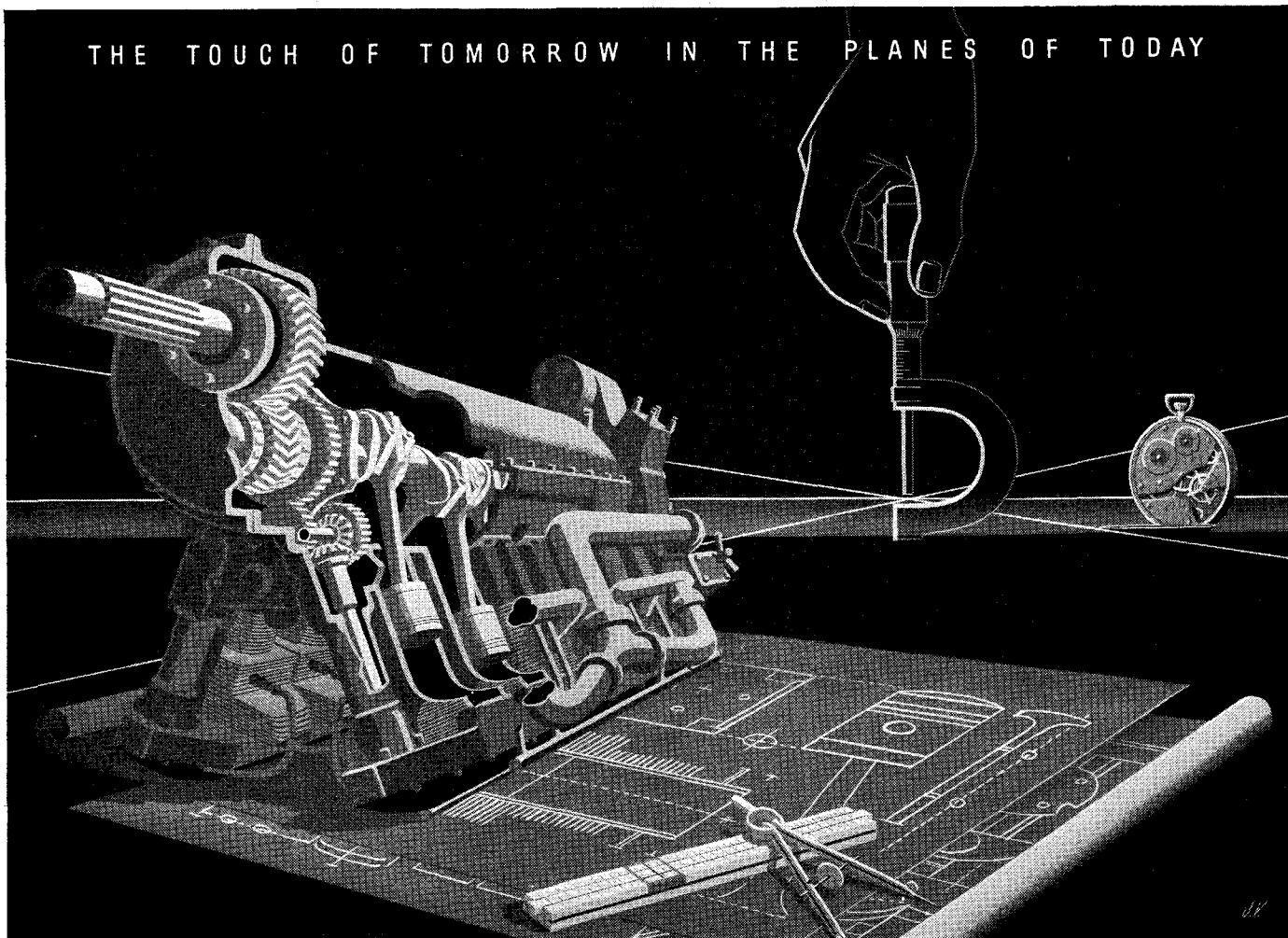
... the creamy ripeness of her face... —Page 140.

... the creamy dark-eyed shield of her little face... —Page 213.

... the little shield of her creamy face lighting. —Page 232.

Theo laughed but Sissy's creamy little face changed. —Page 323.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BEACHHEAD

JULY 10 (DELAYED)

OUR ship, an American amphibious transport, is lying off Scoglitti, Sicily. Last night, as we approached the coast of Sicily, most of us on this ship, which I am aboard as a correspondent, were gloomily waiting for the beginning of the invasion. Though the whole expeditionary force, until almost the last minute, had been full of confidence, many of its members began to feel last night that the attack didn't have a chance of succeeding. The sole reason for this sudden change of sentiment was that the wind was blowing a gale and this was to be an amphibious attack. Some men thought that we might be taking part in one of the greatest military disasters of the war. Seas were breaking over the forecastles of the transports, drenching the shivering troops on deck. For a while we hoped that there might be a last-minute postponement. We figured that in the prevailing conditions at least half of our landing boats and half of our supplies would be lost. But no postponement came. Instead, our armada, the largest the world had ever seen, passed Malta and plowed on northwestward as if nothing, not even the almost certain probability of its own destruction, could stop it. Nobody bothered much any longer about whatever Axis opposition would be met. The Germans and Italians were the secondary enemy. The weather was our first.

The attack was to come at two forty-five next morning. The practically impossible task of loading and launching the landing boats would, of course, begin earlier. At a quarter to ten, when a number of morose Navy men were sitting in the wardroom of the transport silently drinking coffee, Commander C. W. Hickernell, our ship's executive officer, brought in the news that in the past half hour the wind had dropped from twenty-eight knots to eighteen. The ship was still wallowing in the rollers, but now there was hope of a letup. He also reported that a message from our task-group commander had said that the landing craft would be launched closer inshore than planned. The closer inshore, the better the chance for smoother water. Also, our schedule was moved

back an hour, making our landing time three forty-five.

AS eleven o'clock drew near, I got into a pair of green coveralls lent to me by the Army, made a date with Harry Beucler, the young ensign in whose boat I was to hit the beach, to meet him in the wardroom at twelve-thirty, and went up on the signal bridge for a look around. By now we were only fifteen or so miles off Sicily, approaching Scoglitti, our debarkation point. Almost at once the sky began to fill with flares and the thunder and lightning of falling bombs. Ahead of us we saw fires starting and thought that Axis planes were dropping the flares and bombs. The answering ack-ack was apparently that of our twenty-millimetre guns, lacing the night with red and green necklaces of tracer bullets. The fast-spreading fires appeared to be aboard ships. We thought it providential that none of this bombardment was directed at our section of the convoy until we realized that the blasts were not over the water at all but ashore and that *our* planes and perhaps our parachutists were doing the damage.

At twelve-thirty I met Harry and we went aft to stand by until it was time to go over the side into a tank lighter after it was put into the water. When

we got there we found that the lighter next to ours was already being hoisted. Before it could be swung out and lowered, it had to be hoisted off the vessel. Those things weigh a good many tons. As we watched, the ship gave a lurch, the steady lines attached to the lighter were wrenched out of the grasp of the seamen who held them, and the elephantine ob-



ject went berserk overhead. We tried to retreat aft but had to stop and crouch against a bulkhead, because just aft of us a bulldozer was also in the air and its steadying lines had likewise broken loose. So we huddled beneath these two huge flying things, which, with a great grinding and crashing noise, were knocking steel and fire from everything they struck as the ship wallowed. This was not bad seamanship on the part of the crew. It was merely an example of how difficult it is to meet

the demands of amphibious warfare in bad weather.

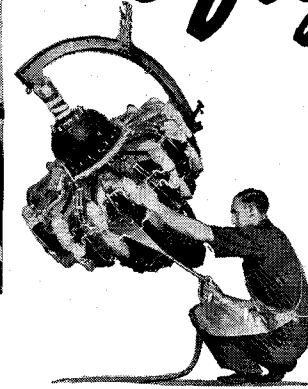
Finally order was restored, our lighter was lowered away, and the two of us boarded it. Then, while the lighter pounded and crashed against the flaring stern of the ship, which kept trying to rise up and sit down on us, a fifty-seven-millimetre anti-tank gun was lowered at us. We were also to carry a half-track truck, which was loaded with ammunition for the gun. There was some difficulty about getting the half-track over the side of the ship. While the crew was still wrestling with it, the enemy ashore turned on a searchlight with the most incredibly powerful beam I have ever seen. Had it ever come to rest on our ship, men on shore with binoculars would certainly have been able to make out individuals on our decks. While the half-track was still in the air, the barrage of our naval vessels began.

To the right of us, British warships were shooting star and fragmentation shells. In our own sector some destroyers moved in toward the shore and started laying down their fire. From a distance that seemed three times as great, cruisers began sending red and green triplets of shells racing, with an astonishingly flat trajectory, across the night to the beach. Anything that flashed back, gun or searchlight, was quickly extinguished. Meanwhile, we continued to pound against the stern of our ship and swear at the innocent loading master. Other small craft were darting around in the night; fewer of them got lost, we later learned, than our rehearsal landing maneuvers had led us to anticipate. In those maneuvers the only guides for the men in the lighters were the various dim shapes of our constantly shifting, darkened vessels. Here there was a burning town to help us get oriented and, better still, there were the paths that the tracer shells were making on their way to the beach. Just as the half-track finally started swinging down toward us, some enemy planes flew overhead and dropped flares. After that, the whole scene was at least as bright as day, which was a help to us in finishing our loading.

SOON we cast off and were on our way to join a battalion from a nearby ship, which, just as we approached her, was barely missed by a big bomb whose explosion shook us up, too. We went alongside the ship and were directed to the place where our waves of landing boats were to form. There were supposed to be six other boats in our sec-



*1200 horses
get ready
to fly!*



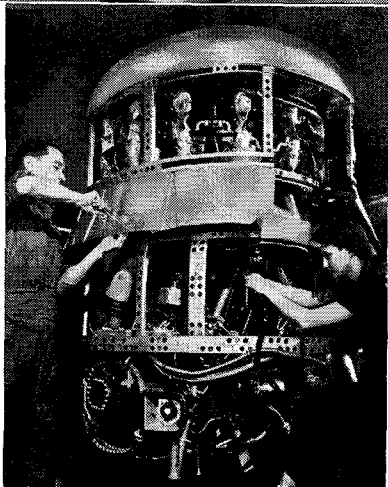
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tion, but we could find only one. With this one, we headed for the beach, which I now began to see was almost exactly like the North African beach on which we had held our maneuvers a couple of weeks earlier. The portion of the shore we were to hit had a convex shoreline, forming a cove. Our objective was in the centre. As we churned toward it, mortar shells were being fired at us from both sides of the cove. Two pairs of little escort boats moved up to where we were and started toward the shore on either side of us, laying down a smoke screen. Through the corridor in between, we made for the beach. None of the enemy shells came close. We touched shore and unloaded, then started back to our ship for another cargo. On our strip of beach there was no hand-to-hand combat at all.

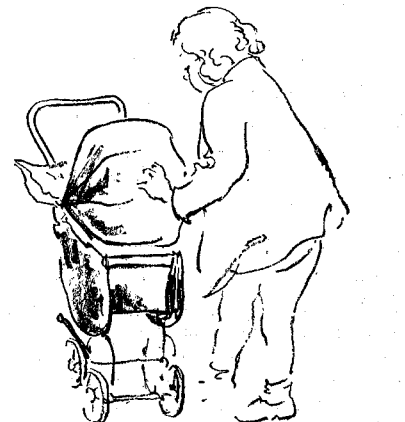
THE rest of the day was, for us small-boat people, simply one of strain and work and the peculiar daze that strange sights produce in the human brain after a sleepless night. By eight o'clock in the morning, convoys of LCT (landing-craft tanks) and LCI (landing-craft infantry) ships were arriving. The LCT's were charging ashore and laying pontoon runways onto the sand. The others simply lowered their ramps as they approached the shore and amphibious trucks drove out into the water and chugged their way through the sea toward dry land. The drivers, sitting calmly and somewhat proudly at their steering wheels, looked as though they should have been wearing dusters, stiff straw hats, and goggles. Meanwhile, destroyers and cruisers were shelling points along the shore where resistance was being met. An occasional enemy plane came by and dropped a bomb. Once two Messerschmitts darted overhead and shot down one of our naval aircraft that had been acting as a target spotter for our men-of-war.

The surf was building up again and our personnel-landing craft were beginning to broach to on the beach. Not so the tank lighters. They backed their way off the sandy shore like so many scared hogs. After each round trip it was necessary to take a half bucket of sand out of the sand traps in their water-circulating systems, but they kept running, doing their jobs, and threatening the life of every man who had to climb down into them. The technique for boarding one from a ship is to climb down the vessel's debarkation net to a point just above the peak of the bucks the lighter is making. Then, if you can

manage it, you jump into the lighter. Getting back aboard ship is worse still. Even though you grab the ship's ladder at the peak of the buck, the lighter has only to take a lurch to break your back.

AROUND noon I debarked for a longer stay at the beach, where the men from our ship (troops and a Naval beach detail) had set up in business. Hearing that there were some Italian prisoners inland a way, I walked up a road to where an Italian-speaking seaman and a private had four under guard. One of them looked exactly like Ernest Hemingway—dark mustache, apple cheeks, and all. This fellow, through our interpreter, did most of the talking. He said there had been forty men and a lieutenant in his group and that when the shooting started the men had given the lieutenant the slip and gone toward the beach to surrender. When he was asked if he thought that the two nations would have much trouble patching things up after the war, he said that his side was sure we would give them a square deal. He added that he was sick of fighting (he'd been at it for five years) and of the Germans, for whom one never seemed to be able to do enough to please them. When asked if that was the general feeling, he reflectively doodled a foot in the loose, hot sand and then said, "At least as far north as Naples." These men were clad in uniforms which weren't worth more than a dollar when they were new and had been housed in a little stone barracks on a nearby hill. Their beds consisted of a rectangular stone at the head, another such stone at the foot, lengths of cane from stone to stone, and a pad of sorts over the cane. The men said that there was nothing much to eat any more except bread, that the Germans had taken everything else.

As I left the prisoners, a rifle cracked



D Spiegel

nearby and I ducked. A moment later I walked on, but soon I heard another report and this time a bullet whined near my head. I had been warned that one of our own men might take a shot at me because I was in green coveralls and the Army was wearing wool OD uniforms. I yelled to the soldier who was guarding the prisoners and asked to be convoyed back to the beach. There, happily, I met a shipmate and was his guest at a luncheon of field rations and canteen water.

BACK at the ship, to which I have now returned, tired men are still unloading cargo into whatever smaller craft are available. The only break in the work comes when a plane flies over. Everybody eases his nervous strain by hollering a curse or two. As I finish writing this, a momentary lull has fallen over the ship. There are no lighters alongside to take on cargo. Men are sleeping in almost every conceivable position, not excluding standing up. In this open-sea anchorage there is danger of submarine attack, but we all feel fairly safe. Twenty-four hours ago there seemed to be nothing but disaster ahead of us. Now, this beachhead of Sicily, which is in effect the beachhead of Europe, is secure in Allied hands.

—GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

I KEEP THE CAMPFIRES BURNING

The children are at summer camp
(I cannot spell the name).
They're sorry they forgot the stamp,
That's why no letter came.

The children are at summer camp
(I cannot spell the name),
The food is swell, the nights are damp,
The days are one big game.

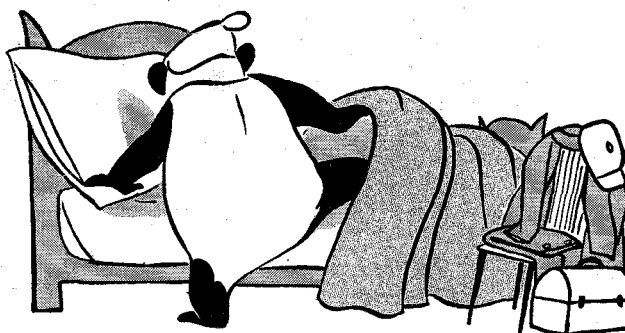
The children are at summer camp
(I cannot spell the name),
And I am going to feel the cramp
Of paying cost of same.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

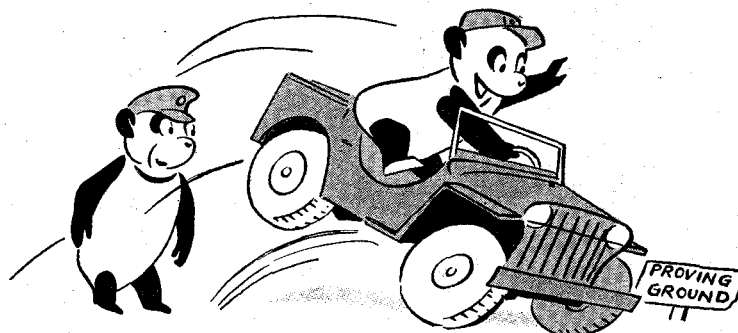
Attempts were made to obtain this as far back as the eighteenth century when an ambitious German physician invented a kind of brush on the end of a long wife, which he poked down his patient's gullet and mopped up the inside of the stomach. . .
—From an article by Dr. Logan Clendenning in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Germans have always asked a good deal of their women.

UNDER A PURREY GET YOUR SLEEP



AND WAKE WITH THE PEP OF THE YOUNGEST JEEP



You can shake the stuffing out of even today's worries—if you get enough sound, refreshing sleep. Dim out care under Purrey Blankets, which rest so lightly on weary bodies.

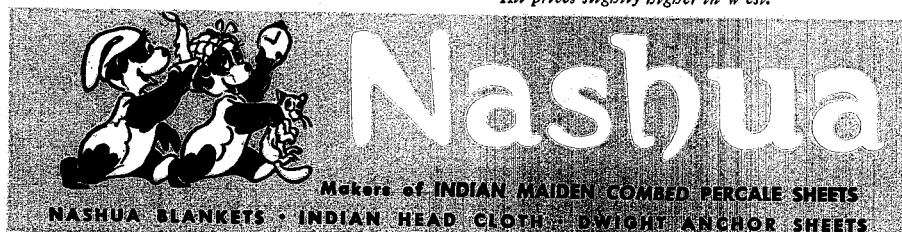
Mind, we're not suggesting that you run right out to buy new Purreys now. *That's* not the spirit to help win the war. A blanket of War Bonds is far better security. But, if your old blankets are just fit for the rag-bag or if you wish to make an especially thoughtful wedding gift—you'll get complete satisfaction from 90-inch Purreys (full 7½ feet long). It may require some shopping to find them, but it's worth the effort.

Science has repeatedly proved by impartial test that Purrey's unique construction (88% Purrey Rayon, wool 12%) holds in heat better than many blankets costing up to twice as much. Women like the modest cost of Purreys and the fact that they're treated to prevent moth damage too.

A new FREE booklet, "The Story of a New Kind of Blanket," tells all about Purrey, and is full of hints on blanket care. Write to Nashua Mfg. Co., 40 Worth Street, New York City.



*The practical double-bed oversize: 80 x 90 inches, \$7.45.
Regular size: 72 x 84 inches, \$5.95.
All prices slightly higher in West.



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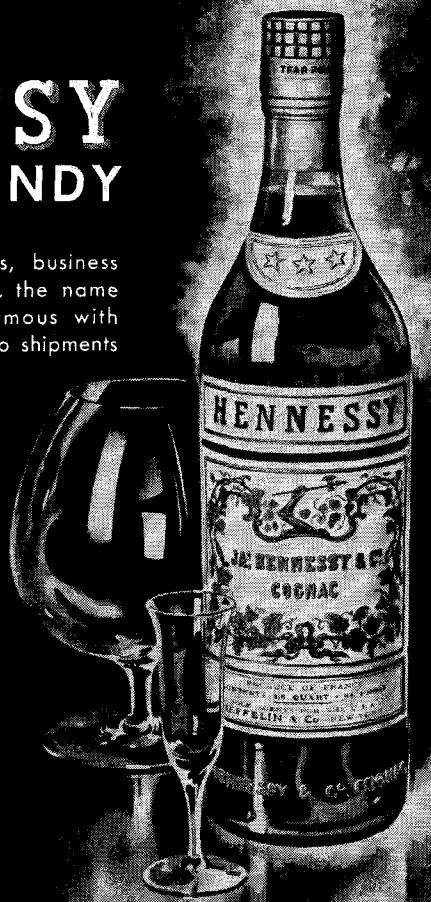
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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 8 (BY CABLE)



WHEN the good news about Orel and Catania reached the headlines, a London bus conductor, nearly falling off his top deck as he leaned over the side to read them, shouted the tidings to his fares and added a hoarsely appreciative "Our lads've got their tails up this time all right!"

Not only the Allied armies but the stay-at-homes have had their tails up this last cheerful week. Britons who in 1940 felt resentfully that Italy had played them a trick as low as a bookie's welshing at the races are now calmly certain that it won't be long before the culprit is haled to justice between a couple of bobbies. When that happens, however, the problem of deciding what's to be done with the Italians is likely to make people hotter and angrier than the chase, judging by the worrying in the press and the discussions of ordinary citizens. Already there are two definite factions here: those who think that AMGOT will work just as fine in cleaning up larger kettles of fish than Sicily and those who darkly suspect that there may be fishy elements within the organization itself.

Before the M.P.'s took themselves off for the summer recess, there was a short debate in Parliament on our policy toward Italy which was remarkable chiefly for the skill, tact, and good humor with which Mr. Eden (whose stature appears to be increasing enormously, by the way) parried the Opposition's attacks and reiterated the Government's stand that nothing but unconditional surrender would satisfy it. The debate may also have been valuable because certain political figures said publicly what lots of unpolitical British, with nothing but horse sense to guide them, are saying privately—that they fancy negotiating with the Bado-glio-Savoy combine no better than they would have with Mussolini.

THE purely local news of the past week concerns mostly woman-power and the clothing ration. Following his recent threat to send sixteen-year-old boys into the coal pits, the Minister of Labour has now announced



"My career is ruined! I wore my Hollander Persian Lamb and not one of those mugs yelled, 'Take it off!'"

On the other hand, Hollander *Featherlite Brand* Persian Lamb has helped many a career by sheer, done-right flattery. Everyone admires its supple drape, matchless luster and true black color. And like all Hollander furs, it keeps its Beauty longer.

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Dinner from 1:00 to 9:00 p.m.

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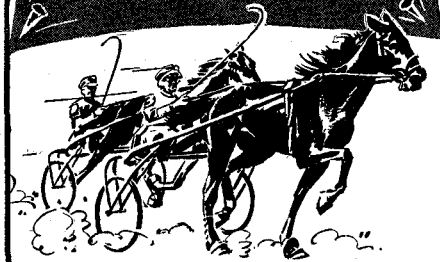
SAVOY-PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 58th Street

that women from forty-six to fifty will be conscripted, and this has raised an even bigger rumpus. Members of Parliament, possibly spurred on by their own indignant wives, have signed a motion objecting to the proposal, which they say is a menace to older women's health and will cruelly complicate the already tough job of running a household. What bothers many people is the suspicion that the Ministry of Labour is functioning exactly like the management of a football stadium, in that its principal interest seems to be to get as many people as possible inside the gates instead of seeing to it that everyone has a seat. There have been complaints that the younger women already called up haven't been made full use of, and the suggestion has even been made that the catacombs of Whitehall might well be purged of a good many supernumerary female civil servants. Although the uniformly sour reception of this newest pronouncement by Mr. Bevin hasn't put an end to official insistence that the older women must before long take a day off from the food cues and stand in line instead to register at their local labor exchange, one of the Ministry underlings gave them a little comfort by promising that the actual calling up wouldn't go ahead until Parliament has reconvened and considered the matter.

WHATEVER grumbling there has been in British homes about conscripting Mother, the announcement of the new clothing ration drew no complaints at all. Possibly this was the result of a skillful little game of "Wolf! Wolf!" played by Mr. Dalton, president of the Board of Trade, who had been saying for some time that there would probably have to be a cut in the clothing allowance for the next period. When the public finally were told that they could splurge with their new, handsomely colored coupons at the old, spendthrift rate of twenty a period, there were universal exclamations of gratitude, which is possibly just what the Board of Trade had hoped for.

Meanwhile, many shops are doing an enormous business in clothing, but the sales are generally just orders, since most customers, even though they have the money in their purses, have no coupons good before September. On the other hand, a number of harassed storekeepers are shaving prices much finer than they usually do at the end of a season, in order to wheedle out of the public what few remaining valid coupons there are, so that stocks for the fall

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ALL SEATS RESERVED

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" will not be shown at regular admission prices until 1945.

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—for which coupons naturally have to be turned in to the Board of Trade— can be purchased.

MAYBE because there's so little chance of putting their money on their backs, Londoners are spending more on entertainment these days, and the theatre is having a phenomenal August boom. Theatre people, too, have had an eye on Messrs. Bevin and Dalton this past week, for conscription and clothing rationing are grave problems indeed for theatrical producers. The chorus lines are still pretty, but they're generally composed of kids who haven't yet been yanked into the Auxiliary Territorial Service and of maturer ladies who, possibly because they're soldiers' wives, haven't been conscripted. That the girls still look well dressed is a miracle of ingenuity on the part of designers and wardrobe mistresses. Before a show goes into production, clothing needs have to be figured down to the last pair of tights, for the approval of the Board of Trade, which then usually cuts the estimate heavily before coming across with the necessary coupons. Unrationed materials such as net and canvas are used in quantity for dressing big musicals, and in one number in a recent show the girls wore costumes of felt, which looked fine from out front but must have been frightfully uncomfortable on hot nights. Because it is difficult to concoct modern costumes for the girls out of makeshift materials, there's a great spate of period numbers, which can be costumed from wardrobes already in stock. Theatrical producers say that, when these wear out, either musical shows will disappear for the duration or British censors will have to give nudity on the stage their official benediction.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNÉS

LADY WRESTLER

SIR: My problem is this: Last year I moved from the West where I was taking a course in wrestling. Before I go further I must tell you that I am a girl and girls' wrestling is quite a popular sport where I came from. However it's not that way here. Just the other night I was showing a boy whom I had just met the proper way to put a half nelson on a person. Whatever happened I don't know, but I do know that I haven't seen the boy since. I think he was scared of the idea of me being a wrestler. Should this scare the boy and if so should I keep my favorite sport to myself? I don't see why it should. WESTERN
—Letter in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

That was no boy, that was a mouse.

*When a man's
Busy..*
GIVE HIM CONVENIENCE!

The tempo of America at war demands that each man streamlines his activities from the moment he arises in the morning until he retires at night. Seaforth toiletries fit perfectly into this program for they cut minutes from a man's morning preparations.

First, a luxurious Seaforth shave, followed by applications of skin-tingling Seaforth Shaving Lotion and soothing Talc... a swish of efficient Seaforth Deodorant... a dash of fragrant Seaforth Cologne... then a bit of Seaforth Hair Dressing, and he's ready for the day. When a man's busy, give him convenience. Give SEAFORTH!

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SHAVING SOAP • SHAVING LOTION • MEN'S TALC • HAIR
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



ALTHOUGH nobody expects an actual shortage of wallpaper for the fall decorating season, householders might as well face the not too devastating fact that there will be few new designs around and that even among the remaining old ones there will be nothing like the variety of colorings we once took so blandly for granted. These limitations, and the scarcity of even unskilled labor in the decorating field, create a crisis (a pretty minor crisis, of course), so you may be interested in some artful dodges for rejuvenating shabby walls with a minimum of toil and trouble.

For one thing, you can take care of a surprising amount of wall space with a set of the Audubon Society's classic charts of North American birds. There are four of these, done with the backgrounds purposely dim and lacking in detail but with the birds beautifully drawn and in full natural colors. Since the charts, which are good big ones about four feet tall, are mounted for use in classrooms, with slim strips of wood holding the paper rigid at top and bottom, all you have to do is drive four nails in the right spots and hang them up. They're \$2.50 each at the Audubon Society, 1006 Fifth Avenue (82nd).

Kayser & Allman's set of four washable wallpaper panels of historic American scenes takes a little more doing than that, but it is still within the scope of amateur decorators. The pictures, lithographed in sepia, gray-green, rose-beige, or gray-blue tones, are just over a yard square. They can be cut to fit smaller or unevenly proportioned panels, and can be either mounted and framed or else hung like regular wallpaper; lucid instructions are supplied you. You have your choice of "Paul Revere Crossing Bridge into Medford Town, 1775," "Independence Day, 1776," "The First Steamboat—The Clermont, 1807," and "Hudson & Mohawk Railroad, 1830" (\$3.50 each), and you'll probably want all four. There's another panel set with a historic theme at this place; it's called "Minutemen" and consists of six tall scenic panels done in a style resembling charcoal drawing; \$5 a panel, or \$4 if you take five or more. The shop is at 71 West 47th Street.

The English Sovereigns panels at A.

L. Diamant, 34 East 53rd Street, have been mentioned before in this column, but mentioning them again will do no harm, since these, too, are an easy size for amateur decorators to handle and most rewarding in the effect they produce. The kings and queens in this group are familiar ones out of English history—Henry VIII, Anne, Elizabeth, and so on. The figures are about four feet tall and are drawn in sepia, bronze, gray, or a reddish, brownish, grayish color called stone, on six-foot panels, which of course can be trimmed to fit whatever wall space you have in mind. The panels are \$7.50 each. If you want something more colorful but less dramatic, there are also Diamant's "Urn of Flowers" and "Bouquet from My Garden," two handsome floral designs in overmantel size, at \$30 apiece and made

for framing or pasting on the wall, and there are panels showing either parrots or pheasants in downright lush colors, cavorting in their natural habitats, in huge rectangles broader than they are tall; five feet horizontally, and \$40.

Papering or panelling with maps is such an old story that I doubt if many people need to be reminded how attractive an effect they can achieve with the simplest of classroom maps, pasted in place like wallpaper (but much easier to handle) or mounted and hung like pictures. In case you have forgotten, though, there are thousands of these maps, of every part of the globe (and points beyond, such as Fairyland, Wonderland, the Never-Never Land, and so on, for kids' rooms), at the Hammond Map Company, 1 East 43rd Street, and



"I advise you to take it, Madam, before Washington puts its foot down."

Rand McNally & Co., 7 West 50th Street.

NEW soaps, cleaners, and scourers are springing up everywhere to aid lily fingers unaccustomed to the grim tasks of laundering, silver-polishing, and the like. Lord & Taylor have the miraculous Wooly, a practically fool-proof jellied soap for washing sweaters and all fine woollens. This isn't brand-new, of course (it was around last year), but it's now packed in a four-pound jar, which is supposed to hold enough Wooly to wash sixteen blankets; \$2.95. At Lewis & Conger you'll find Afta, a spot-remover that works on leather as well as on very delicate fabrics and removes even lipstick stains. The same store also has Samae, a pot-scouring powder hopefully offered as a substitute for the vanishing steel wool; \$1.69 for a shaker-top jar of it plus one pound of refill. Here, too, you'll find Silverfleece, which is a fluffy cotton, like the surgical kind, impregnated with a silver-polishing chemical. You simply pull off small hunks of this fleecy stuff and rub it lightly over tarnished silver surfaces to produce a dazzling gleam. Don't throw them away then; they're good for many more polishings.

Also timely at Lewis & Conger: Some very pretty canning labels, printed with vegetable-garden scenes in color and legends saying "From the Garden of —," "Grown and Put Up by —," and such, the space to be filled in with the appropriate name, which takes ten days or so.... A grooved plastic brush which picks up lint better than any bristles by creating suction as it's rubbed over fabric (\$1.50).... A wheel chaise, made of white-painted wood with a water-repellent mattress pad. It's fine for outdoors by day and can be converted into a reasonably comfortable guest cot at night simply by letting down its back and arms; \$31.50.... Sanitra, a rack holding twelve or twenty-four flexible plastic cups for freezing ice cubes (squeeze the cup and out pops the cube, without coaxing and untouched by human hands); \$1.95 and \$2.95.... Finally, a new plastic window-screen mesh, sold by the foot, ready to be made up into screens that won't rust or corrode. This stuff looks startlingly like the pre-shortage wire kind and represents a considerable improvement in appearance and durability on the mosquito netting a lot of us have had to use this summer. It comes in widths of from twenty-four to thirty-six inches; thirty to forty-five cents a foot.

—B. B.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

War Travelogue



SEEING the
Army Signal
Corps' documentary
film "Report from
the Aleutians," you
are persuaded that
the best adjective to
describe some of the
spots where the Jap-

anese are compelling us to fight this war is "remote." American soldiers who find themselves in the Aleutian Islands must occasionally ask each other, if they have the time, "What was the name of this place again?" If they are situated on the particular island dealt with in the Army's film, they are forced to tell each other, "This is Adak, old man," which is a hell of an answer. It's not as though Adak were a garden spot that civilization just hadn't reached yet. Civilization was perfectly aware of its existence all along but was content to leave it alone. Only a seagull could love the place.

American soldiers are there, however, and the Signal Corps, making excellent use of the services of Captain John Huston, who directed "The Maltese Falcon" and "Across the Pacific" in his civilian days, has put together a picture of what they are doing there, so that all of us back home can see and be astonished. The job of merely building and maintaining an operational base for B-24's on an island that's half covered with water is something to conjure with, and it's impressive to see how the Army has conjured with it. Of course they haven't altogether drained the place yet, but when they're working with pilots who are willing to take off and land with water coming over their planes' noses in solid sheets, it doesn't matter so much. Those pilots and their crews are naturally the fellows who are catered to, since this wretched island is tolerated only as a place to bomb Japs from. Pilots and crews are the main characters in "Report from the Aleutians." The picture shows their daily routine with all its eventualities, including death. It also shows them go out and perform a successful mission, and it shows the return trip, putting across better than any document that has yet come out of the war the quiet jubilation that possesses a bunch of boys who have given the enemy the business and got away with it. Captain Huston and his

assistants have, in fact, managed to work into their picture all that you need to know of the details of this strange life in an unlikely locale.

IT'S not true that you can simply take Bob Hope and toss him into any rickety old vehicle and trust him to make it go. The man's a good comic and all that, but given a job like "Let's Face It," he's sure to run into trouble. There's next to nothing in this faint reminiscence of the Broadway musical comedy for him to work with, though it must be admitted he gives it all he's got. Throughout the wearing complications of a plot about three women who go out with three men because their husbands are out with three other women, Mr. Hope cuts up gamely. There is plainly nothing he or anybody else can do, however, when the husbands and their friends run into the wives and their friends and one team starts exclaiming "Our wives!" while the other team exclaims "Our husbands!" It's no go.

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT" has to do with a fellow who becomes a roué at an early age and goes right on through life at the same occupation, until finally, when he dies, he is almost eligible for admission to hell (the devil, by the way, being one of the characters in this fantasy). Admission is refused him, though, on account of his fundamental good-heartedness, and he is sent along to heaven instead. The idea is obviously intended to be somewhat racy and novel and sometimes it almost works out that way, but only on isolated occasions. The hero's career doesn't reach very gruesome depths at any point and tends to drag a little generally. Don Ameche plays the roué and Gene Tierney plays the wife who has a time (though not a very hard one, really) keeping him in hand.

—DAVID LARDNER

It would be very embarrassing to you if a bomb should destroy a home in your sector and you didn't even know who lived there.—*From a letter from the chief air-raid warden of New Haven to his assistants.*

Joke on us, all right.

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From "Advice to a Schoolboy,"
by William Hazlitt]

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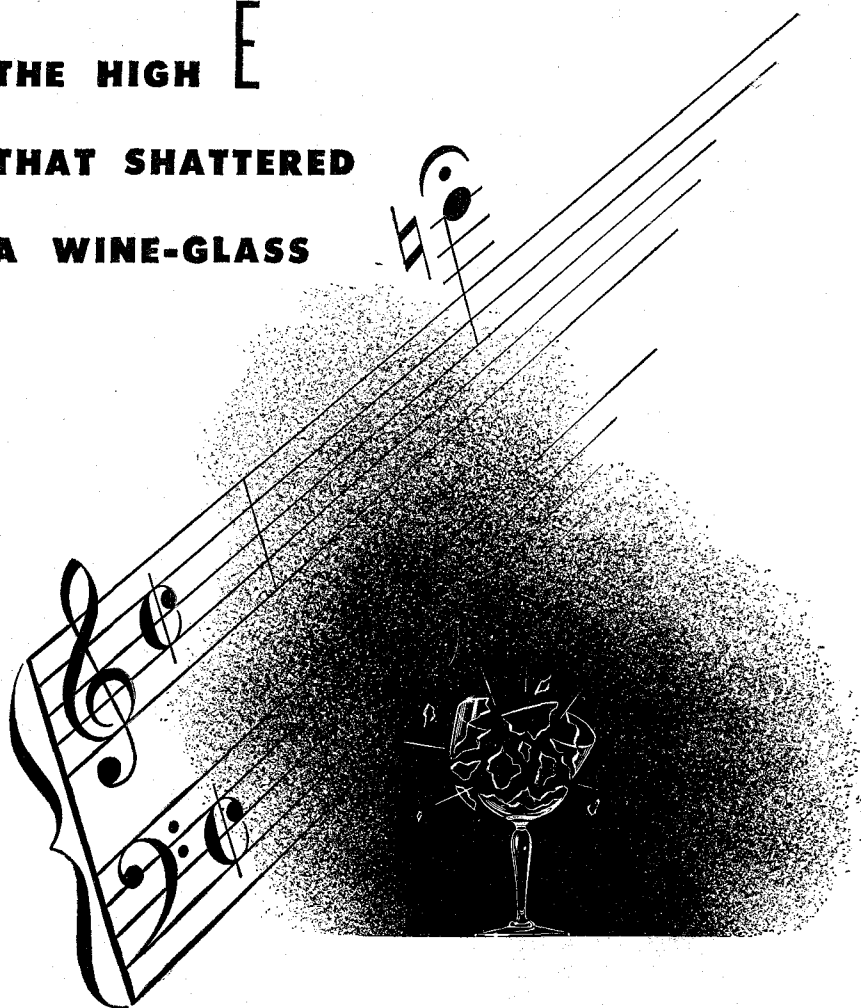
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OF ALL THINGS

EVIDENTLY the Germans are surprised and shocked at the idea of a Russian offensive in the summertime. They had been given to understand that the Reds always postpone the game on account of nice weather.

As a result of their wartime prosperity, the railroads are getting downright impertinent. They're putting ads in the papers telling us to stay home and mind our own business.

By a happy coincidence, the Axis strongholds of Orel, Belgorod, Catania, and Munda all fell to the Allied forces at about the same time. The world feels almost sanitary after United Nations Cleanup Week.

One Stephen Weinberg has been arrested on a charge of conducting a school for draft dodgers. The government claims that his institution tended to carry isolationism a bit too far.

Marshal Badoglio appears to feel that he can't entertain the Allies properly in Italy just now. For one thing, the place is full of rowdy guests who refuse to go home.

Harold Ickes reminds us that our supply of petroleum is rapidly dwindling, but points out that we would have enough gasoline to last us the next thousand years if we made it out of our coal deposits. John L. Lewis willing, he might have added.

The Swedes have announced that the German Army can no longer route troops and supplies through their country. The defeat of Hitler is apparently now taken for granted in all languages, including the Scandinavian.

Paul V. McNutt insists that fathers must be inducted soon. The Manpower Commissioner knows that the draft boards are suffering from an acute shortage of eligible bachelors.

Berlin spokesmen are chuckling over the clever way the Nazis slipped out of Catania and fell back to Mt. Etna. At this writing, the lucky fellows are safe and sound on the edge of a volcano.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

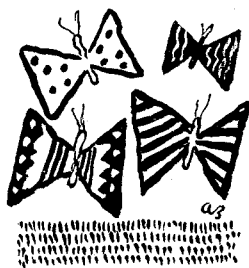
THE COSMOPOLITE

NOT long ago, shortly after *PM* reported that photographs of Marshal Pétain "continue to be displayed throughout the battleship Richelieu," I received a letter from a friend in Switzerland which contained this passage: "The Nazi-controlled papers on the Continent are giving Pétain a cautious buildup as a 'great European statesman.' Apparently they feel that they may need the old man in the invasion days to come." Reading this, I was reminded of my own experience with Pétain, back in 1930, when I was working as orchestra leader aboard the Messageries Maritimes liner Porthos, long before Pétain made himself Chief of State, gave up "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" for "Labor, Family, Fatherland," and became a pitiable, eighty-seven-year-old man spending his last days almost a prisoner of the Nazis in a drab Vichy hotel room.

It was that old Henri Philippe Pétain, Marshal of France, legendary hero of Verdun, successor to Foch in the French Academy, who came aboard the Porthos one night in Algiers. We were there on the regular Marseilles-Algiers run. Around 6 P.M. I was called to the *commandant's* cabin.

"We are sailing back to Marseilles at eight," the *commandant* said. "Owing to a switch in the schedules we've been chartered by the Anciens Combattants de la Grande Guerre, who have had a convention in Algiers. Get ready to play all the songs of the great war. *Le Maréchal* is fond of the old patriotic songs."

I told him that our little orchestra of three was hardly prepared to deal with such an emergency. We were an internationally mixed outfit, having only a nodding acquaintance with French folk song. Pedro, our 'cellist, who referred to himself as "a pupil of a pupil of Pablo Casals," was a lethargic, spineless *mañana* character



from Barcelona. Artie, the pianist, a tall, gangling fellow from Yonkers, had recently signed up, attracted no doubt by the fifty-per-cent discount we musicians had on all beverages at the ship's bars. I played the violin and was acting as *chef d'orchestre*. I am Czechoslovak and the *chef* was supposed to be a Frenchman, but owing to a momentary shortage of French violinists and the then excellent political relations between France and Czechoslovakia, I

got the job and the chance of seeing the world and getting paid for it. Our musical library, supplied by the steamship company, contained all the important overtures, fantasias, opera arrangements, dance music, even an assortment of chamber music—everything but France's patriotic songs. Musicians aboard a French liner were supposed to know them by heart.

"You'll get the old songs in Algiers," the *commandant* said. "Be sure to bring 'La Marche Lorraine' and 'Le Chant du Départ.' They are favorites with *le Maréchal*."

The *commandant* was a likeable man with a buccaneer's black beard and a great love of good music. He once moved an Argentine multimillionaire out of the ship's best de-luxe suite to make room for Maurice Ravel. The Argentine reportedly owned a hacienda larger than Alsace-Lorraine, with the Department of the Seine-et-Oise thrown in for good measure, but the *commandant* ruled that M. Ravel was to have the suite and that was that.

I said, "Three foreigners playing for a patriotic celebration? What will the passengers say to that?"

"They won't mind. We French are cosmopolites."

"And *le Maréchal*?"

The *commandant* extended both arms in a gesture of sweeping grandeur. "*Le Maréchal* is a great European. Ever since 1917 he has been fond of foreigners."

WHEN I came out of the *commandant's* cabin, the decks were swarming with cheerful, mustachioed Anciens Combattants, the French equivalent of the American Legionnaires. They were wearing blue Basque berets and chewing dead cigarettes. One group was singing a song which, I noted with some apprehension, I had never heard before.

I found my colleagues in our two connecting first-class staterooms, which we had been assigned by the music-loving *commandant*, contrary to regulations, which provided for second-class accommodations only. Pedro, dressed for the evening concert, was, as usual, fast asleep on his berth. Artie was reading a paper-bound history of the Marseilles underworld. I told them to go ashore and dig up some patriotic songs.

"What's wrong with 'Hallelujah'

and 'Always'?" Artie said, the Youmans and Irving Berlin hits of the season being his current favorites.

I explained that they were swell, but hardly appropriate for *le Maréchal*.

"I don't like Pétain," Artie said. "Joffre didn't like him either. You know what he calls him in his memoirs? A dyed-in-the-wool defeatist. Foch hated Pétain. And Clemenceau complained of his pessimism." Artie had an amazing store of unexpected information.

I hastily closed the door, hoping that no one had heard the blasphemous statement. I told the boys that we faced deportation aboard the Azay-le-Rideau if something went wrong. The Azay-le-Rideau, a dilapidated liner making the dreary Indo-China run, was the steamship line's floating Devil's Island, as far as the company's musicians were concerned. Her purser, a violent man who had conceived a special dislike for string instruments, was said to have thrown musicians into the ship's brig because they "played too loud." Twice he had threatened to shoot the orchestra if they didn't stop playing the "William Tell" overture.

We went ashore. Algiers' few music stores had closed for the day. The night clubs, where we hoped to borrow some stuff, were not yet open. In one place I got hold of "*Ah! Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira*," the famous revolutionary song suggesting the immediate hanging of the aristocrats to the nearest lamp-post—a suggestion we feared *le Maréchal* might not wholeheartedly approve of. Somewhere in the Kasbah, Pedro unearthed a ditty called "Desire," by a local composer, with lyrics hardly suitable for the occasion. We returned to the Porthos with dire forebodings.

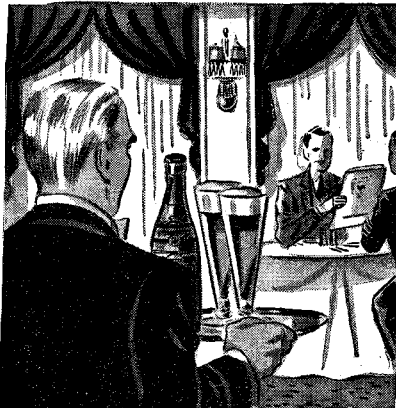
THE evening concert in the dining saloon got under way without accident. We interrupted the "Manon" (Massenet, not Puccini) fantasia when the chief steward informed us, his voice trembling, that *le Maréchal* was about to enter. We played the "Marseillaise," this being a ship's regulation. Everybody stood at attention.

Le Maréchal was escorted by the *commandant*. He carried himself amazingly erect for a man of seventy-four. His gait was resolute; his clear gray eyes, the domed forehead, the firm chin, the thin lips gave the impression of Spartan severity. After the national anthem was played, he sat down at the *commandant's* table and we went on with "Manon."

Presently the stewards were carrying



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in champagne. The diners looked hot and happy. Undoubtedly the time for songs was fast approaching. Three men in high spirits came over to the platform and asked us to play "La Marche Lorraine." I cast a respectful glance in the direction of *le Maréchal* and said we had orders to go on with the regular evening program. The Frenchmen gave us a questioning glance and went back reluctantly to their table. It was hot under the lights on our platform and my shirt was wringing wet, but we kept on playing, without pause, so the audience would have no chance to start singing.

Disaster struck while we were playing César Franck's "Danse Lente." There is a lot of *pianissimi* in "Danse Lente," and some men in the rear of the vast dining saloon must have thought we had stopped playing. They began singing "Le Chant du Départ":

"La victoire en chantant nous ouvre la barrière,
La liberté guide nos pas;
Et du nord au midi la trompette guerrière
A sonné l'heure des combats."

The martial melody reverberated across the dining saloon, rang through the open doors, and surged over the ship's decks. By the time they had reached the chorus,

"La République nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr,
Un français doit vivre pour elle
Pour elle un français doit mourir."

the stewards, sailors, cooks, even some of the Annamite cabin boys were singing with the passengers, while we musicians, the only three persons aboard who didn't know the song, were trying in vain to catch up with the melody. Just as the second chorus was about to be concluded, Artie got the general idea and wound up with a thundering chord. This saved the situation for the moment, giving the impression that we had been playing all the time. There was a terrific ovation and the audience launched into "Madelon."

"What's that?" Artie said, looking at me in bewilderment.

"Madelon."

"Who's she?" Artie was always eager for facts.

"Didn't you ever hear the song?" I asked in despair.

"Nope. Not in Yonkers."

"For God's sake, keep on playing," I said between my teeth.

"Playing what?"

"Make some noise. Keep in pitch and tempo." I closed my eyes, dizzy with

the feeling of approaching catastrophe. The people were roaring,

"Elle rit, c'est tout l'mal qu'ell' sait faire, Madelon, Madelon, Madelon!"

but my feeble attempts to accompany the singers on my violin were boldly frustrated by Artie. Bored stiff with a song they didn't play in Yonkers, Artie took up the chorus of "Hallelujah," *fortissimo*, while Pedro, sinking back into his favorite state of dreamy half-consciousness, plunged into what sounded like Brahms' "Cradle Song," a piece he liked because "you can play it in your sleep."

Our audience began to shout. A red-haired giant with the rosette of the Legion of Honor on his lapel came up to the platform. "Tiens, what kind of music is that?" he said angrily. "Don't you men like 'Madelon'? Go ahead, let's have 'Sidi-Brahim,' if you know what's good for you!" He swung his fist and shouted at the top of his voice,

"Debout, debout, debout,
Mort aux ennemis de la France!"

An old colonel at the table of *le Maréchal* raised his glass, shouting, "Vivent les chasseurs à pied!" *Le Maréchal* himself seemed to be enjoying the general paroxysm. Leaning back in his chair, he vigorously beat the time with a spoon, his bushy white mustache swinging in rhythmical motion. I remembered that "Sidi-Brahim" was the song of the chasseurs, but none of us three knew the melody. In the middle of the patriotic enthusiasm, we were standing quiet and helpless, a trio of unhappy pariahs.

"So you don't want to play it?" the red-haired Hercules shouted. "Saboteurs, hein?"

The horrible truth dawned upon me. They couldn't assume we didn't know the song; why, every French child knew it! They thought we didn't want to play it.

The man began to roll up his sleeves. Other ex-warriors rushed forward for a frontal attack. There wasn't going to be any penal trip aboard the *Azay-le-Rideau* to Indo-China. We would be hung at the masthead, at sunrise, as radicals and enemies of the Republic.

I looked for help. Our protector, the *commandant*, red-faced and nervous, was talking to *le Maréchal*, apparently trying to explain the situation. Then somebody at his table shouted "Silence!" and we heard the soldierly, staccato voice of Pétain, "Foreigners? Am I to understand that an American, a Spaniard, and a Czechoslovak have

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JOHN J. HYLAND, Manager

been hired to play for this patriotic occasion?"

A hush fell over the dining saloon, interrupted only by the popping of a champagne cork. Then there was a wild battle cry. The mob moved in for the kill. Somebody was swinging an empty bottle. I looked at *le Maréchal*. Hadn't he preached the slogan "Spare men, don't spend them"? Hadn't he attacked the late Marshal Foch for his "murderous losses"? Now or never was the moment to spare men.

Le Maréchal sat there, silent. There was only one thing to do. In a case of emergency—be it fire, collision, abandonment ship, or a marshal of France—a salt-sea musician plays the national anthem. With fierce despair, we launched into the "Marseillaise." The mob rallied and came to attention.

WHEN the anthem ended, we bolted from the dining saloon and ran up to the dark, deserted boat deck. Our conversation, as I recollect it, was gloomy. At midnight, the *commandant*, on his way to the bridge, found us there. "Nom de Dieu," he said. "For a moment you had me worried. *Le Maréchal* thought you were trying to purposely give an unpatriotic demonstration. But you don't have to worry. I told him that you are excellent musicians. *Le Maréchal*," the gallant *commandant* concluded with emphasis, "is a true cosmopolite at heart."

When we arrived in Marseilles, we were ordered off the Porthos and aboard the Azay-le-Rideau. The company official indicated that a "high authority" had demanded our "exemplary punishment." That night we played the "Marseillaise" as the Azay-le-Rideau was being towed away from the Joliette Pier. The signal light over Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde receded into the misty dark and we were off for Indo-China.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

The question which has often been asked as to "Where is the Luffwaffe?" may be in process of being answered by the Germans themselves...—Charlotte (N.C.) Observer.

In our opinion the Luffwaffe got defeated in batter.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope," by C. W. Grafton]

I washed my hands and then folded each one carefully and put it in a separate envelope and stuck them in my pocket.

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL HITS!

ETHEL MERMAN
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RALPH SHIRLEY
AIR-COND. BELLAMY BOOTH
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MICHAEL MYERBERG presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
THORNTON WILDER'S Comedy
The Skin of Our Teeth
FLORENCE REED CONRAD NAGEL
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AIR-CONDITIONED

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SENIOR CHRISTINE SARA ANN
WENCES AYRES MCCABE
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THE RACE TRACK

Place aux Dames

SHOW: 2:40 P.M. POOL											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

JUST because a filly wins the Saratoga Special, as Cocopet did at Belmont Park last weekend, there's no reason for serious horseplayers to give themselves over to glum forebodings about the decline of the thoroughbred. To be sure, there's a dictum (there's one to cover anything that can happen at a race track) which states that when fillies beat colts, the less said about the whole matter the better. Not too many years ago, though, Top Flight won the Special, and you must still remember how good she was. She didn't lose a race as a two-year-old, even though there were many fair-to-middling colts out that season. I hasten to say that I don't really believe that Cocopet is going to be another Top Flight, and I don't think anybody else does either. Nevertheless, there's not a stable that wouldn't be glad to own her.

There are so many good points about Cocopet that it seems trifling to say that I don't think much of her name, which is a rather inept synthesis of those of her parents—Jacopo, an English horse, and Madam Capet, the gray mare from whom she inherits her color. Some people seem to think that she's a very little animal. Mrs. Dodge Sloane, seeing her own Dare Me alongside Cocopet in the paddock before the race last Saturday, remarked that Cocopet was small enough to skip through Dare Me's legs if she had to. Cocopet didn't have to go in for any such shenanigans, however, because she had the race in hand from the start. In fact, she beat Mrs. Ames and the other runners in the Special almost without drawing a long breath, doing the six furlongs in 1:10³/₄, which is about as fast as young horses run. Cocopet isn't undersized, as a matter of fact; she's just over fifteen hands high, which is only about two inches less than usual, and she weighs around seven hundred and fifty pounds. Also, her conformation is almost perfect. But perhaps the most impressive thing about her is that she's won six of her eight starts this season and \$26,875 in prize money. Her owner unfortunately didn't realize how good she was in time to enter her in this weekend's Spinaway or any of the later important juvenile stakes at the Saratoga meeting, but I'm sure this

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will be all right with the owners of other two-year-olds.

Taking up the case of Mrs. Ames, who was second in the Special, I don't think she'll run much better during the rest of the season than she did in that race. I'd like to call your attention, though, to Dustman, who finished third. He's worth remembering.

SOME weeks ago I was convinced that Boojiana would run better at Belmont than she had at Jamaica. Well, perhaps you noticed that she won her first start at Belmont—at 6-1, too—and that last week she galloped off with the Schuylerville Stakes. She's quite a remarkable animal; in fact, she's lucky to be racing at all or even to be alive. A knowledgeable horseplayer has suggested that a much better name for her would be Borrowed Time. His reason is that when she came up from the farm with the other yearlings of Sonny Whitney's string, Ed Snyder, the trainer who was then in charge of the stable, took one look at her and ordered her destroyed because her forelegs were so crooked and she was so pigeon-toed that he didn't think her worth training. Before the order was carried out, however, Andy Schuttinger took over the Whitney horses. Though Schuttinger has fussed over Boojiana a lot, she's still the problem child of the stable (won't eat, fidgety, and so on), but she's won more races than any of Lieutenant Colonel Whitney's other horses this season.

THE Saratoga meeting has always had disqualification trouble. This unhappy tradition is being carried on at Belmont, no doubt so that everybody will feel thoroughly at home there. Last week, three horses who had come in first were disqualified because their riders had been up to mischief of one sort or another during the running of the race. To make it plain that they won't stand for any nonsense, the stewards also suspended the offending jockeys. Which reminds me that Arcaro, the jockey who was set down for rough riding nearly a year ago, was restored to good standing the other day.

—AUDAX MINOR

SANTA MONICA, May 7.—George G. Bundy Jr., Santa Monica Board of Education member and the city's chief deputy finance commissioner, has been sworn into the Army as a private. He will report next Tuesday at Ft. MacArthur.

He leaves his widow, a son, Edgar B. Levi, and a daughter, Mrs. Selma L. Getz of San Francisco.—*Los Angeles Times*.

That's the wrong spirit, Bundy!



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On the Pacific Coast the world series is frequently over before it starts. Because, when it's 5:00 p.m. on the East Coast it's 2 o'clock in the West . . . and afternoon newspapers deliver the complete story of the game to readers' homes by 5 o'clock the same day.

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Newspaper



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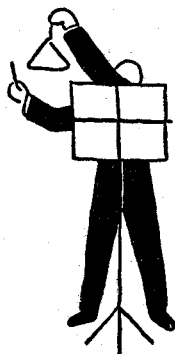
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Stadium Roundup



YOU hear people talk of "the Stadium Concerts audience," but there isn't any such assembly. What a Stadium audience is depends on what the music for any given evening is. If it's a Beethoven program,

you'll naturally find the Beethoven devotees buying the tickets. Without using any more ifness, I'll report that when Frank Sinatra sang at the Stadium last week, there was a good representation of enthusiasts for the popular young singer. The most effervescent members of the turnout—the young ladies who squeak with joy when Mr. Sinatra slides into a tone—seemed to be rather constrained during the early part of his performance. So, for that matter, was Mr. Sinatra. When, however, he got going with his customary persuasive suavity, those who had showed up to break into his numbers with sighs and light screams cut loose expertly—so expertly, in fact, that certain observers momentarily considered asking these enthusiasts for their autographs.

That evening's program was officially described as "Music from the Motion Pictures and Broadway," and Max Steiner, composer and conductor of a good many effective film scores, was the maestro. The excerpts of movie music were nice listening, but they also proved that a well-devised cinema background can't always be converted easily into a convincing orchestral foreground.

ONE of the season's largest gatherings appeared at the Stadium for the concert by Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz, who had as their associates the skillful flautist Frank Versaci and Carl Sandburg, who acted as narrator for Aaron Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait." Miss Pons, who was accompanied by a vigilant spotlight as well as by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, was in her best vein, pictorially and vocally. Along with some of the staples of the coloratura catalogue (including, I regret to say, Proch's Variations), Miss Pons offered Frank La-Forge's vocal fantasy on tunes from

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"Die Fledermaus." This opus is a pleasant switch from the various other fancy presentations of Strauss waltzes. However, those who like their Strauss straight probably don't attend concerts at which his melodies go coloratura. For all other customers, this "Fledermaus" job is fetching entertainment.

Mr. Kostelanetz, an experienced director of the standard orchestral repertory, took good care of Wagner, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Copland, and Mr. Sandburg's reading of "A Lincoln Portrait" was admirable for its simplicity and unoratory.

THE list of new Stadium conductors was recently increased by the arrival of Jascha Horenstein, a knowing and fervent director who had his own notions about the compositions he led and efficiently impressed them on the orchestra. The soloist at Mr. Horenstein's Stadium debut was Josef Hofmann, who played the Schumann concerto with the freshness of approach that Mr. Hofmann manages to capture even after many years' association with this work.

AN important Toscanini revelation took place at the N.B.C. Symphony's Verdi program a while back. Mr. Toscanini conducted the last act of "Rigoletto" and demonstrated that it had musical and dramatic values that many of us might have missed in other performances of this score. He got rid of allegedly traditional high notes and stuff, and the whole act seemed to have the continuity and power the composer wrote into it. The soloists—Gertrude Ribla, Nan Merriman, Jan Peerce, Francesco Valentino, and Nicola Moscona—became parts of a complete picture rather than merely vocalists with orchestra. Individual contributions naturally weren't so important in this plan, but one of them was a high spot in the year's singing—Jan Peerce's rendition of "La donna è mobile."

—ROBERT A. SIMON

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[From the Washington Daily News]

... The companion star of Sirius has a diameter of 24,000 miles, only about three times the earth's diameter, but it has a density of nearly 60,000 times that of water, and a surface gravity 35,000 times greater than John Quincy Adams in the second election of Mr. Monroe, because he said that he thought George Washington should have the honor of being the only President unanimously elected.

Enough Rope



to hang the Axis

Critical rope shortage averted by plantings in Middle America

Yes, they're growing rope down in the American tropics today... the tough Manila rope our navy and merchant marine must have! Yet only two years ago we were practically dependent on the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines for hemp.

But fortunately years ago the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture saw the wisdom of establishing a source of abaca (Manila Hemp) in the Western Hemisphere. They arranged for the importation of a small lot of planting material, which the United Fruit Co. planted on its land in Panama.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Our country was cut off from Far Eastern rope supplies. But the

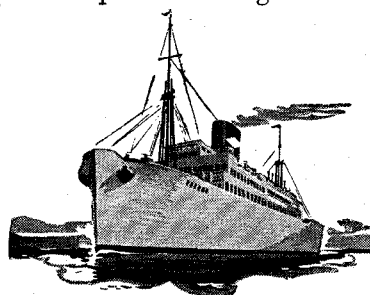
abaca seedlings were ready! Our government, through the Defense Supplies Corporation, and with the co-operation of four Middle American governments, arranged to step up these plantings.

Today our navy and merchant marine are assured of enough sea-going rope to fill their immediate need—*enough rope to hang the Axis.*

* * * *

Trim liners of the Great White Fleet—now on war duty—for many years brought to northern markets countless cargoes of nourishing bananas. One day

they will return to the Caribbean trade. When they do, a new Middle American crop will find space in their commodious holds—*abacq*, the finest rope fibre known—to meet the needs of peacetime shipping.



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BOOKS

E. M. Forster



AMONG the less earth-shaking events of this vast year we may note the simultaneous issuance of neat reprints of four E. M. Forster novels (the fifth, "A Passage to India," has been available for some time in several editions) and of Lionel Trilling's brilliant critical appraisal of the finest writer of fiction now using our English tongue.

Forster, at sixty-four, is the author of only five novels, their length unpretentious, their tone unstentorian. The first, "Where Angels Fear to Tread," appeared almost four decades ago; the fifth (and, we must sadly assume, the last) in 1924. Only one, "A Passage to India," has been widely read, and its popularity was perhaps due less to its literary qualities than to the circumstance that its plot revolved about the supposed rape of an English girl by a Moslem Indian. Furthermore, Forster is not a "character." He has no talent for self-advertisement. To the public's knowledge, he has never done anything in the least exciting. By all the rules his reputation should be moribund, but, like their author, his books have no reverence for the rules. They are alive, so alive as to make the works of most other living English novelists seem quite, quite dead.

What has kept Forster fresh when far more picturesque talents are already sliding into the abyss of ununreadability? Possibly, for one thing, his very lack of insistence on himself. His novels are not, like those of D. H. Lawrence, for example, elaborate forms of self-defense, interesting in the beginning, a confounded bore twenty years later. Again, there is something preservative about Forster's very style, characterized by Mr. Trilling as "the style of personal discourse, a middle style, easy and lucid." It is without mannerisms, almost without manner. The prose of "Where Angels Fear to Tread" is not 1905 prose; it is merely first-rate English. But Forster's durability derives chiefly from his subject matter.

He has been saved by his own journalistic obtuseness; he has never known how to write about what interested the public at the moment. His attention has always been directed to what goes on inside, rather than around, people. Thus, though his books hardly ever reflect current events, they are still perfectly current. Mr. Trilling opens his critique, which he has simply called "E. M. Forster," by remarking that the author of "Howards End" is for him "the only living novelist who can be read again and again and who, after each reading, gives me what few writers can give us after our first days of novel-reading, the sensation of having learned something."

I have spent much of the past week re-reading Forster and admiring the justness, the penetration, the delicate gravity of Mr. Trilling's insight into his work. In a way the experience has been unsettling to me as a reviewer. Forster makes most other novelists seem like children, bright, earnest, passionate children. Even writers as glittering as Steinbeck and Hemingway appear brash and blundering beside Forster. The very vigor and masculinity in which they so clearly excel him appear to have the ludicrous aspect of muscle-flexing. By comparison, they are insufficiently

serious though incomparably more solemn.

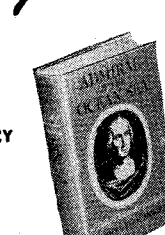
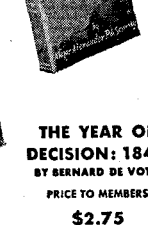
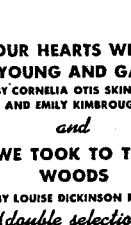
Yet there is something unsatisfying about Forster, too. His literary influence has been pervasive rather than decisive. He is, as Mr. Trilling says, "sometimes irritating in his refusal to be great." His books ask large questions and give large moral issues their proper names, but they do not make memorable pronouncements. Greatness in literature, to quote Mr. Trilling once more, "seems to have some affinity with greatness in government and war, suggesting power, a certain sternness, a touch of the imperial and imperious." This touch Forster lacks entirely. He does not believe that the secrets of the human heart can be forced; they must be surprised by what he calls the "relaxed will." What makes it difficult to apply the word "great" or "genius" to Forster is this atmosphere of relaxation in which even the most melodramatic of his novels are bathed, this undulation of the comic spirit on which they float.

The central theme of his work—particularly marked in his masterpiece, "Howards End," but dominating "A Passage to India" and even the lesser novels ("A Room with a View,"



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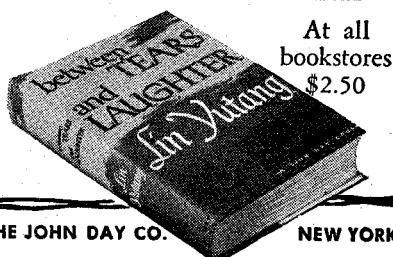
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Whether or not you know Forster's novels, I commend to you Mr. Trilling's brief monograph. It says not only many wise things about Forster but also many wise things about literature in general, about the novel, and about England. It is a model of the kind of criticism not too easily discoverable among us today—restrained, balanced, unashamed of its roots in a long intellectual tradition, academic in the finest sense. It is an admirable introduction to and summation of a novelist whose work, still largely unappreciated in America, quietly refuses to die.

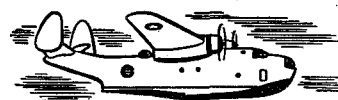
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE HORSE AND HIS SHADOW, by Enrique Amorim, translated by Lieutenant Richard L. O'Connell and James Graham Luján. The story (if so unresolved a narrative can be called a story) of a great land-owning family of Uruguay, a maid-servant who is seduced by one of its members, and some wretched Polish refugees struggling for existence against the feudal prerogatives of the aristocrats. There is also a thoroughbred stallion who is described by the publishers as "a symbolic figure," but he remains to this *terre à terre* reader just a horse. Intimate and sometimes beautiful picture of the unfamiliar life of a Uruguayan ranch do not suffice to make this more than a moderately interesting novel.

THE FREE MAN, by Conrad Richter. Short novel about the rôle played by the freedom-loving Germans of

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Pennsylvania in the early days of the American Revolution. Mediocre stuff, hardly worthy of the author of "The Trees."

GENERAL

NEW WORLD A-COMING, by Roi Ottley. Harlem, says the author in this timely book, reveals the changing pressures of American Negro life and "the Negro's cause in America" and has become "the barometer of democracy" all over the world. He shows us the history and present-day meaning of such Harlem phenomena as racial cults and "slum shock" and explains the Negro's aggressive demand for integration in American life. A fine book, searching, temperate, and wise, with a good research background, and on the whole well written. Sketches.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, by Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr. Despite the faintly megalomaniac title, this is a humdinger. Colonel Scott, whose writing is just about as *sui generis* as Davy Crockett's and in the same tradition, flew the mails in 1934, took a B-17 to Africa by small-boat-piloting methods, for a while fought something very like a one-man war over Burma, and served as fighting commander of the fighter pilots in General Chennault's China Air Task Force. The author is a very rare sort of fellow, a man of action who is also a man of imagination. Foreword by General Chennault. Photographs.

PICK OUT THE BIGGEST, by Frank Morris. The story of a ship and a ship's company. The American light cruiser Boise had the main hand in sinking two Japanese heavy cruisers, one light cruiser, and three destroyers in a twenty-six-minute night action off Guadalcanal. This book, a vivid piece of detailed reconstruction, tells how she did it. Much of the material has appeared in *Collier's*. Photographs.

VERTICAL WARFARE, by Francis Vivian Drake. The author says that "vertical warfare" is based on the assumption that the enemy can be overcome more quickly and cheaply by intense strategic bombing of his "industrial generator" than by any other means. He explains its principles and offers us a concrete "air plan" of attack, derived from the ideas of ranking American and British air officers, by means of which Germany might be knocked out in four to six months. Temperately written and sounds

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fairly plausible. Sixty-two pages of halftones, including some of the best aerial photographs you're likely to see anywhere, plus diagrams.

U-BOAT PRISONER, by Archie Gibbs, edited by Eugene Leuchtman. The life story of a merchant seaman from Texas who has been torpedoed twice in West Indian waters and held captive for four days aboard a Nazi submarine. A good, straightforward yarn, which includes the author's childhood experiences in what must have been by all odds the most brutal reform school in history.

THE INNOCENT EMPRESS, by Erna Barschak. Modern French-style biography of the willful and energetic Spanish-Scottish girl who became the Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III. Rather shallow politically, but an intelligent and charming psychological study. Photographs and facsimiles.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAS, by Leland Dewitt Baldwin. The first one-volume history of the whole hemisphere, considered as a single gigantic laboratory in which are being created a new kind of man and a new idea of freedom. Oversimplified at times, but on the whole fresh and stimulating stuff. Maps.

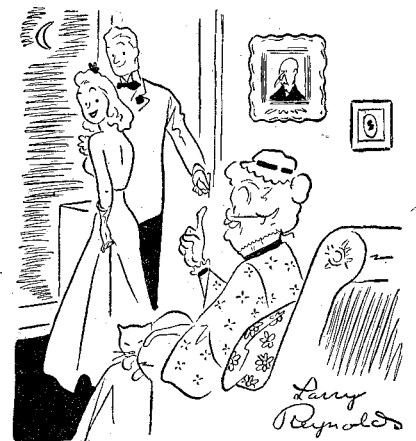
HONG KONG AFTERMATH, by Wenzell Brown. This book tells the story of the Britishers, Russians, and Americans who were captured when Hong Kong fell and who later endured—some of them are still enduring—the utmost privation under the Japanese in the Stanley prison camp. One of the most moving and unsparingly truthful of the personal-experience books, written with skill and power.

AN AMERICAN DIARY, by Samuel Grafton. Snippings from the author's columns and journal in the *Post*, from July, 1939, to May, 1943, and intended to compose into a capsule social history of the war. It does, too, in the main, and very readably. Mr. Grafton's blunt, somewhat righteous irony stands up fairly well between book covers.

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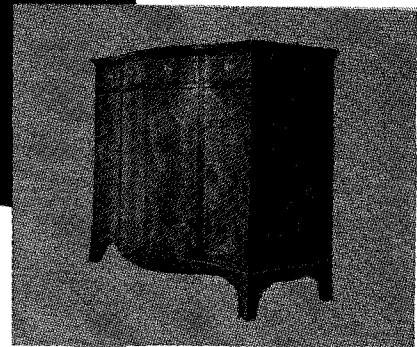
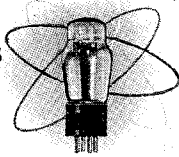
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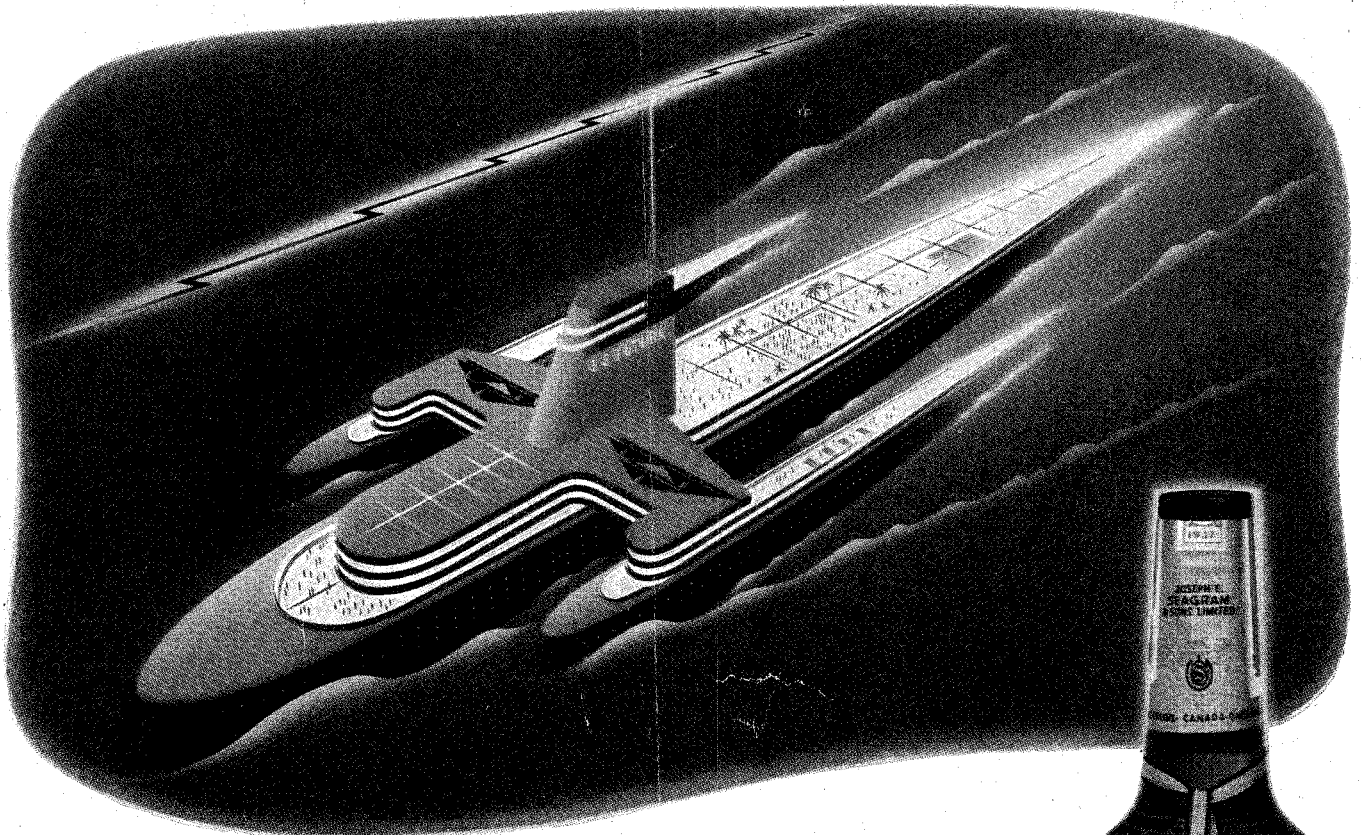
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